

The Comical
HISTORY
OF
Estevanille Gonzalez,
Surnamed
THE MERRY FELLOW.

Translated from the Original SPANISH
By Monsieur *Le SAGE*,
Author of the *Devil upon two Sticks.*

DONE out of FRENCH.



L O N D O N:

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M. 97

T H E
P R E F A C E.

***T**HE following is the History of a new Spanish Adventurer, which I offer to the Publick, and flatter myself from the favourable Reception others of the same kind have met with before, that this of Don Estevanille Gonzalez, surnamed The Merry Fellow, may be agreeably received. He wrote it himself, published it at Antwerp, and dedicated it to the Duke d'Amalti, formerly General of his Catholick Majesty's Forces in the Netherlands, and by his Epistle Dedicatory seems to have been in that Nobleman's Service.*

The Hero of the History I give you has diverted the Spaniards and French with such Success, that I believe it will not be unacceptable to the English Nation.

The PREFACE.

tion. It is not the Novelty alone of this Work which ought to render it agreeable, since it does not consist of a Series of idle Fictions, to serve as a bare Amusement, but contains good Characters, and Lessons of Morality, couched under lively and pleasant Descriptions. In short, it is happily interspersed with Variety of entertaining Adventures, and keen Censures upon the Vices of Mankind, from whence People of all Nations may receive some Instruction and Advantage.



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BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*An Account of Estevanille's Parents, and the
Education they gave him.*



Would not have my Readers apprehend, that I design, in Imitation of *Statius*, in his *Thebaid*, who deduces the first Cause of the Foundation of *Thebes* from the Rape of *Europa*, to begin the History of my own Life by acquainting them who
B were

were my Ancestors in the Reign of King *Pelagius*; I shall not go so far back; believing I should be sufficiently puzzled to give an Account of my two Grandfathers, of whom I never had more than a confus'd Knowledge. As to my Father and Mother, I knew them perfectly well, and can inform you that they professed two very different Employes. My Mother's Business was to bring People into the World, and my Father's to send them out of it; so that I am like *Socrates*, the Son of a Midwife, and Signior *Estevan Gonzalez*, my Father, was a venerable Doctor in Physick.

After he had taken his Degrees in the Univerfity of *Alcala*, he chose the City of *Murcia* for the Place of his Residence, where he made his Experiments; in which he was so successful, that in less than two Years time he became a fashionable Physician, though there was nothing new in his Practice; for he blindly followed the Rules of the Antients. And indeed when his Patients died under his Hands, which fell out but too often, he always said it was none of his Fault.

He happened one Day to be called to a difficult Labour, where my Mother performed the Operation, under his Inspection, with that Dexterity that he was charmed with her. She was then young
and

and handsome; he married her, and I was the first Fruits of their Marriage. They had a Daughter three Years after, whose Gossips were a Gentleman, in the Neighbourhood of *Murcia*, and a young Lady whom he loved; they named her *Ineffilla*, a Name which she render'd famous, as you will see in the Sequel.

As Physicians Wives generally die before their Husbands, my Father lost his before I was nine Years old. He sent me out to Board, at the House of the most eminent Schoolmaster in the Town, who instructed me in the Rudiments of the *Latin* Tongue. I was already qualified for the third Form at the University, where they talked of sending me to finish my Studies; when my Father falling ill prescribed Physick for himself, according to the Precepts of *Hippocrates*, and soon left my Sister and myself Orphans. My Godfather, Master *Damien Carnicero*, my Mother's Brother, and the most famous Surgeon in *Murcia*, was appointed our Guardian.

My Uncle thinking it would be better for me to follow his own Profession than that of my Father, who, notwithstanding his Reputation, did not die rich, removed me from School, and took me Apprentice to himself. They obliged me at first, as

they do all Apprentices, to sweep the the Shop, to draw Water out of the Well, to wash the shaving Cloths, and to heat Irons for curling and ordering of Mustachos. I was at this Time in my fourteenth Year, and so lively and brisk, that I was surnamed *The merry Fellow*.

In two Months Time they taught me to handle a Razor, and for my first Trial, a poor Beggar offered himself to be scraped out of Charity. My Uncle and his Journeyman being gone out, I had the whole Shop to myself; I placed the poor Fellow upon an old Joint-stool, kept on Purpose for such Customers, and wrapp'd a Dish-clout, as black as the Chimney-Stock, about his Neek, and then lather'd his Cheeks, Nose, Mouth, and Eyes, till I made him grin like an angry Monkey.

The Case was still worse when I came to make use of my Razor, which, unfortunately for my Patient's Skin, was so very bad, that it rather took off the Flesh than the Beard. Dear young Gentleman, said he, unable to endure the Pain any longer, pray tell me whether you shave me or flay me? I do both honest Friend, says I; your Beard is so thick and hard that it is impossible to shave you without cutting. Just as I had finished this pretty Piece of Work, my Godfather came home, and as soon

soon as he perceived the poor Devil's Face hacked in such a Manner, he was ready to laugh; but resuming a serious Countenance, he gave him a small Piece of Money, to comfort him for having passed under my Hands. Perhaps this Beggar informed all his Companions in what Manner he had been shaved, for since that Time none ever came into the Shop.

I incurred my Uncle's Displeasure by it, and from this Time was forbid the Use of Razors till further Orders. But as I had not been denied the Use of the Scissors, I was permitted, one Morning, to cut the Hair and trim the Eyebrows of a certain Scholar who came to our Shop for that Purpose. He was a Woollen-Draper's Son, and my Godfather was willing to be in the Way, and have his Eye upon me, to oblige me by his Presence, to give some Attention to my Business. I made a tolerable good Beginning; I cut the young Gentleman's Hair in proper Degrees, but forgetting that he had any Ears under it, at one Snap with the Scissors I cut the half of one of them off. He made a terrible Outcry, and my Uncle was no sooner acquainted with the Reason of it, but he gave me several Cuffs, and as many Kicks. After this Correction,

tion, which I own I heartily deserved, he dressed his Wound and went home with him to his Father, to whom he represented the Action as done by an Hair-brained young Fellow, and that he had punished me so severely that he had almost left me dead in the Shop. The Merchant reflecting that the Damage was irreparable, was satisfied with what my Uncle told him, and pardoned me.

The Blows I had received from Master *Damien* were not all the Punishment I endured, for he forbid me to cut Hair again, to shave, or perform any Chirurgical Operation, under the Penalty of the Strap-Leather; so that I was reduced to perform my former Offices. But such is the Chain of second Causes, that I could not prevent acting contrary to it. As I happen'd to be one Day alone with my Godfather, a Man, six or seven Foot high, came into the Shop, with an hectoring Air, like a Bully, as he really was. This blustering Fellow was already in the Shop, while the End of his Sword was still in the Street; his Hair was plaited, his Hat cocked up, and covered with a Filimot-coloured Plume of Feathers, and the Extremities of his Whiskers reached to his Temples on both Sides.

I could hardly look him in the Face without trembling: Master *Damien*, said he to my Uncle, pray put my Whiskers in order. My Godfather immediately ordered me to put the Irons into the Fire; and when they were hot, he placed my Hero in an armed Chair, and put one of his Whiskers in order; but as he was making Preparations to do the same to the other, which he had already combed out, hearing a Noise in the Street on a sudden, he opened the Shop Door to know the Occasion of it, and perceived two Men going to fight, one of whom was his intimate Acquaintance. At this Sight he had no Command of himself, but ran to his Friend's Assistance, leaving the Bully with one Mustacho turn'd up, and the other quite strait.

The Quarrel lasted so long, that the Hero being weary of waiting for my Uncle, turned to me and said, honest Lad, are you capable of finishing what your Master has begun. I was encouraged at this Question, and thinking it would be a Disgrace to answer in the Negative, I answered Yes. And to prove that I did not boast without Reason of being capable to finish a Mustacho, I drew a fresh Iron, red hot, out of the Fire, and clapping it under the Bully's Nose, I burnt

8 *The* HISTORY of

his upper Lip, with a Part of his Whisker that I had undertaken to curl. He roared out so terribly on a sudden, that he shook the very House, and rising from the Chair in a Rage, You Son of a Whore, says he, do you take me for a St. *Laurence*? and at the same 'Time drew his terrible great Sword, with a Design to thrust me through the Body; but before he could execute his Design, I slipp'd out of the Door, and scamper'd away so fast, that I was in less than a Minute at the farther End of the Town; so much Difference there is between Flying and Running.

I sheltered myself at a Mercer's House, a Relation by my Mother's Side; and when I found I was safe, said I, let the Matter go how it will now, I am indifferent. Then I told this Adventure to my Cousin, who was ready to die with laughing at the Sight of the Iron, with which I had so dexterously performed the Operation, and still kept in my Hand; it had a Handful of the Hair of the Mustacho sticking to it, which was long and stiff enough to have made a Bottle-Brush. I took Asylum here till the next Day; and my Uncle, who imagin'd that I was fled to the Mercer's, came to seek for me himself, and told me that the Bully having vented his Rage, and thrown out a thousand Imprecations

cations against me, was at length appeased by the Excuses he had made him. I returned home with my Godfather, who insensibly became very well satisfied with me. I learned to shave as well as another, to cut Hair without touching the Ears, and to give a good Air to Mustacho's, and even learn'd to bleed tolerably well; the first Time I attempted it indeed, I lamed a Soldier. For having heard that *Hippocrates*, in his Chapter upon *Phlebotomy*, recommends making large Orifices, I made one, which seemed rather a Cut with a Lance than a Lancet, and indeed the poor Fellow lost his Arm by it.

I could not have been better placed than with Master *Damien Carnicero* to become a good Butcher rather than a good Surgeon, and have been often astonished that he found Patients mad enough to come under his Hands. As he was prepossess'd in Favour of the antient Rules in Surgery, he practis'd them without any Scruple. I must relate some of his Operations, that you may the better judge what Sort of a Man my Uncle was. For Example, When he let Blood he cut the Vein transversly, and tied it with a Bit of Silk, or cauteriz'd it with a red hot Iron to close the Orifice. If People af-

licted with the Gout applied to him, he pricked their Joints with a Bundle of Needles, tied together in the Shape of a Brush; and to prick scrophulous Swellings the better, he made use of the Thorns that are in the Tail of a Thorn-back.

His Method to stop Bleeding at the Nose was very singular: He made a transverse Incision from one Angle of the Forehead to the other, or two Incisions in the Form of a *St. Andrew's Cross*, which took in all the hairy Part of the Head. For the Sciatica he applied several Cauteries very deep upon the Buttocks, and in different parts of the Hip. He cured the Head-Ach by clapping a red hot Iron to both Sides of the Nose, to the Temples, Cheeks, and under the Chin.

In short, Fire was his Specifick in all manner of Distempers; he did not even spare those who were Dropfical, but roasted their Bellies and Thighs. Sometimes it happened that his Patients were unruly, and seemed to have so great an Aversion for the hot Iron, that they could not resolve to endure it. In this Case my Uncle, in Compliance with their Weakness, pretending to use a more gentle Remedy than Fire, burnt the Flesh with boiling Water or Oil, if they did not prefer the
Brimstone-

Brimstone-Match, Spirits of Wine, Gun-Powder, melted Lead, or the Burning-Glass.

My Uncle's Inclination that I should learn so agreeable a Profession, was the Reason that he often took me with him to see him perform his Operations, from whence I received less Instruction than Fear. I would have endured all the Difficulties incident to Mankind rather than complain, for fear of experiencing his Remedies. Master *Damien* was Surgeon-Major of the Hospital at *Murcia*, and here it was that I generally went to see him broil his Patients. As I happened one fine Morning to be alone by the Bed-side of a Man that was troubled with a Dropsy, who had gone through the whole Course of Torture, and earnestly intreated me to give him a Sup of Water to quench his Thirst, I had not the Power to withstand his Entreaties, though I ought to have been inexorable at the same Time, and reached him a large Leathern Jack half full of Water, which he seized with Eagerness and drank it off; but I had no sooner procured him this Ease than he was taken with a Fainting, which radically cured his Dropsy; for he soon died. I repented of my Compassion for him, since it proved so fatal; nevertheless my Concern

cern at this Accident was not so great as to prevent me from turning it to my Advantage. The dead Man had his Breeches under his Pillow, from whence perceiving the Strings of a Purse to hang out, I was tempted to put my Hand to it. I drew a Purse out of his Pocket, which did not seem to be an empty one, and having secured it, I went out of the Hospital, where I left the dead Man, whose Heir I proved to be, without any Will in my Favour.

CHAP. II.

Estevanille is resolved to quit Surgery, and go to finish his Studies at Salamanca.

MY Impatience to know in what this sudden Inheritance consisted, would not permit me to go far without satisfying my Curiosity, and I stopped at the first Place convenient for my Purpose. I untied the Purse-strings, and found thirty-five Doublons, as bright as if they had been coined the Day before, with a Piece of Paper, in which was wrapped a Diamond Ring, that I judged to be of considerable Value, although I did not understand Jewels.

Here

Here was a Treasure for a young Lad who had never seen any Money before ! I thought I had made my Fortune, and began to say to myself, with all this Money I can't do better than to go and finish my Studies at *Salamanca*, and pass through a Course of Philosophy. I shall there make the Figure of a Prince ; and it is better for me to prosecute this Resolution than to follow that villainous Employ I am in. Well ! I am resolved to abandon Surgery, both antient and modern, and to leave *Murcia* this Moment ; and I really proceeded instantly on my Journey to *Salamanca*, without taking leave of my Uncle, whom I apprehended would oppose my Design.

I kept close to the Bank-side of the *Segura*, till finding myself fatigued, I stopped at the Village of *Molina*, where I proposed to stay all Night, having already travelled four Leagues, which was no small Journey for the first Day. The Master of the Inn where I went to lodge, perceiving a raw young Traveller on Foot come into his House, without a Sword, and very modestly dressed, thought I should be no extraordinary Customer, and with this Opinion said very freely to me, So young Gentleman, I don't suppose you are over-loaded with Money ; I fancy a
Piece

Piece of Bread and Cheese will serve you for Supper. I was affronted at this Discourse, and looking upon him with a haughty Air, said, Well honest Friend, if I have no Silver I would have you to know I have Gold, and as soon as I had said this, pulled my Purse of Doublons out of my Pocket, and shewed him a Handful.

My Landlord was surpris'd at the Sight, took one of the Pieces, which he examined, and finding it good, said, Ah! my little Rogue, putting his Finger upon his Nose, you have robbed your Father! I perceive you had an Inclination to travel, and to make the better Appearance you have laid your Claw upon the old Man's Hoard. You are mistaken in your Notion, says I, my Father and Mother are dead, and the Doublons you see were given me by Uncles and Aunts, who have contributed toward sending me to *Salamanca*, where I am going to prosecute those Studies I had begun in *Murcia*, the Place where I was born. If that be true, your Relations are to blame for sending you alone in this Manner, with full Pockets, and upon St. *Francis's* Mules, fourscore Leagues from home. If you will take my Advice, added he, keep the same Road by the Rivers Side, Tomorrow Morning, till you come to *Cruz*

de Caravaca, where you may bargain with a Muleteer to carry you to *Ciudad Real*, from whence you may go to *Salamanca* in the same Manner in five or six Days.

I thanked my Landlord for his Advice, which I fully proposed to follow, and then began to think of Supper. I asked him what Provisions he had. He answered me, he had nothing but Cheese; but that he had a rich Neighbour in the Village, who raised Poultry, which he sent to Market to *Cartagena*. I will go and purchase a Couple of Fowls of him, and make an excellent Fricassee; you shall have very good Bread besides, and the best Wine in *La Mancha*. You promise well, said I. I will keep my Word, said he; and though I talk like the rest of my Brethren, would willingly satisfy you that there is an Inn in a *Spanish* Village which gives good Entertainment to Travellers.

Indeed I had Reason to be pleased with his Provisions, as well as his Conversation. He was a pleasant Companion, and, contrary to the generality of Inn-keepers in *Spain*, a very honest Man, as I had Reason to judge whilst we were at Supper; for he sat down to help me eat my two Fowls. He represented in a very jocose Manner, the Dangers I should meet with at *Salamanca*,

manca, and, without setting up for a Moral Philosopher, advised me carefully to avoid them. When I took leave of him the next Day, he wished me all imaginable Prosperity, and said, with a very serious Air, Young Scholar, to prevent the Dangers to which your Youth may expose you, I have thought proper to make you this Present; and at the same Time gave me a little Box, in which was a Bottom of Thread, with a Needle sticking cross it. Being surprised at so odd a Present, I asked him why he offered it me? It is, says he, for you to use upon three Occasions: First, to sew up your Mouth when you are tempted to speak improperly; Secondly, to sew up your Pocket when you are going to be extravagant; and as to the Third, I give you leave to guess at it.

I laughed heartily at this merry Conceit, and taking the Box carried it away with me, promising my Landlord to preserve it carefully as long as I lived, that I might always remember him and his judicious Advice. Then I continued my Journey, and coasting the River, I arrived at *Cruz de Caravaca*, towards the Evening, where I met with a Muleteer, who, for a Sum of Money we had agreed upon, found me Victuals and Carriage

not only to *Ciudad Real*, but even to *Salamanca*.

C H A P. III.

He arrives safely at Salamanca, lodges with the Master of a Boarding-School, who enters him in the third Class at the University.

BEING at length arrived in that pleasant City, where I had so long wished to have been, I repaired to a Part of the Town near the University; here I addressed myself to an old one-eyed Bookseller, who was waiting for Customers in his Shop, and desired him to direct me to some good Master of a Boarding-House. If you want one, says he, who is a Man of Letters, and feeds his Boarders well, I advise you to choose Doctor *Canizarez*, he is the Man for your Purpose, and lives there, shewing me a House two or three Doors from his own, and you will thank me for recommending you to the Doctor, who keeps so good a Table, that his common Meals are a perfect Feast.

I sincerely believed the old Bookseller, and went to the Doctor's House, who
looking

looking upon me as a new Customer, was extraordinary obliging. He was a tall meagre Person, with a black Beard, hollow-eyed, and lanthorn-jawed. Ah! good God, said I to myself, this is a poor skinny Wretch for the Master of a House, who is famous for good Living! but it may be his natural Constitution; for I remember to have heard my Uncle say, that there are some People who have nothing but Skin and Bones, and yet have so good an Appetite, that they will eat all they come near.

Canizarez asked me who I was, from whence I came, and what Business brought me to *Salamanca*; and when I had answered his Questions as I thought proper, he said, Young Man, I hope you will have no Reason to repent of boarding with me; and when he had said this, he conducted me to a little Room at the Top of the House, which had no other Furniture in it, than a Chest of Drawers, two Chairs, a Table, and a little Bed. This is your Apartment, says he, and you may bring your Cloaths when you please. I have no Cloaths, says I, but, thank God, I have wherewithal to buy them, and that you may be easy upon my Account, I will pay you a Quarter before-hand. The Doctor made no Reply

to that, and had no sooner told me that his Price was forty Pistoles *per Annum* for each Boarder, but taking twenty Doub-
lons out of my Purse, which I took care
he should see, I gave him five, which
was for the first Quarter.

He examined these double Pistoles very
narrowly, one after the other; then tel-
ling me, that he would use his utmost En-
deavours to make me one of the best
Scholars in the University, he enquired
what had been taught me at *Murcia*,
and what I was capable of doing; and
examining me in the Liberal Sciences,
thought, by my Answers, that I was qua-
lified to be Captain of the third Class.

After he had set a Value upon my Ca-
pacity, so much to my Advantage, he
undertook to have me received in that Class
without passing an Examination, the Ma-
ster of it being his intimate Acquaintance.
Then he was going to exhort me to study
the *Belles Lettres*, but the Bell rung for
Supper. We went immediately down
Stairs, from my Room into a Hall,
where was a long narrow Table, at which
ten or twelve Scholars were sitting, all
about my own Age, except two, who
were near twenty Years old.

I saluted the young Gentlemen when I
entered, and then placing myself amongst
them,

them. I began to observe their Portions of Provision, which were very uniform. It being a Fast-Day, every one had three Ounces of Bread before him, with two Plates, upon one of which were two roasted Onions, and upon the other a Handful of Small-nuts. I was amazed at the Frugality of the Repast, which did not at all agree with the Encomium upon their Manner of Living given me by the Bookseller. Nevertheless, as I reflected that it was a Fast-Night, I comforted myself in hopes of faring better the next Day. They brought me my Plates likewise, with half a Pint of such wretched small Wine, that I should have preferred Water to that disagreeable Drink. When People are hungry they comply with any thing. I devoured my Bread and Onions, and cracked my Nuts in such a Manner, that the Doctor might perceive I was a Youngster with a good Appetite. My School-fellows did the same Honour to the Collation as myself. Every Thing was so clearly eat up, cracked and dispatched, that there were hardly Crumbs enough left upon the Table to satisfy a Sparrow.

Supper being ended, the Boarders went into a Court to take the Air. I followed, and contracted an Acquaintance with them, but chiefly with the tallest,
who

who taking me in private, asked me, who was so much my Enemy as to advise me to board with Doctor *Canizarez*? I told him it was an old Bookseller who lived a few Doors off. Ah! the spiteful, old, one-eyed Dog, cried the Scholar, laughing very heartily, the old Rogue has put a Trick upon you: He is not ignorant in what Manner we are fed, and the whole Neighbourhood is so well acquainted with it, that our Sobriety is the publick Jest of the Place. I perceived when we were at Supper, said I, that I was not in good Pasture, and can assure you that I would seek another Lodging To-morrow, had I not been Fool enough to pay him a Quarter beforehand.

I should have left this Boarding-School long ago, said he, if my Reasons for staying had not prevail'd over my Inclination to go away. Why! what Reasons, said I, can prevail over Hunger? I am going to tell you, said he. Doctor *Canizarez* is no less learned than covetous: He is a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and I protest to you, that though he feeds us but indifferently, he teaches us a thousand curious Things in Return, and for this Reason I take no Notice of his Nuts and Onions. You give me some Comfort, said I to my School-fellow, and
I

I can accustom myself to his Frugality as well as you, to become a Virtuoso.

While I was discoursing in this Manner with my School-fellow, whose Name was *Don Ramirez de Prado*, a Student in Philosophy, we heard the Bell ring us to Bed, upon which we parted, after contracting a mutual Friendship together. I went up into my Room, where I lay upon a Bed as hard as a Stone, and between a Pair of Sheets made of some coarse Napkins, sewed carelessly together. But notwithstanding the Coarseness of the Sheets, and the Roughness of the Seams, which scratched my Legs, I slept like a Pig till Nine o'Clock next Morning. As soon as I was awake, I arose, and washed myself, and as I was dressing, my Master came into the Room, followed by a Man, whom he presented to me, saying, this is my Boarders Taylor, who comes to offer his Service to you; he is a very good Workman, and so honest in his Trade, that he would not rob you of an Inch of Cloth.

As I had Occasion for a Suit of Cloaths, I ordered the Taylor to make them; and for six double Pistoles, which I gave him, he engaged to furnish me with a compleat Suit in two Days. The Taylor was hardly gone out of the Room before it was
Time

Time to go to Dinner. I went down into the Hall where I had supped the Night before ; the rest of the Boarders repaired thither likewise, and placed themselves at Table. Though I expected a very frugal Repast, the Meat served up at the Table far surpassed my Expectation. The first Dish they entertain'd us with was a Soupe, resembling that given to Hounds, to preserve their Scent; it was very clear and had some musty Crufts of Bread floating in it. Every one had a Mess of this in a Porringer, with which he stuffed himself very heartily, and I likewise emptied my Porringer, though I had not yet bit of the Bridle, and found myself so satisfied with this good *Soupe de Santé*, that I could not finish the rest of my Allowance. It was however a Tit-bit, being a Fricassee of Goats Trotters, wherein I believe they had put the very Horns, it cracked so between the Teeth. As to the rest of the Boarders, who were tortured with continual Hunger, they swallowed the Fricassee so greedily, that it disappear'd in the Twinkling of an Eye.

After this Dinner, which, without doubt, was not the worst dressed at the House of Doctor *Canizarez*, I went into the City to buy Linen, and such Books as I wanted, to prosecute my
Studies

Studies; and having bought all that was necessary I had only twenty Doublons remaining in my Purse. Chear up, honest *Estevanille*, says I to myself, methinks your Cash goes at a fine Rate. You will answer me, the twenty double Pistoles remaining, is a considerable Sum; when that is gone I will have recourse to my Diamond Ring. Agreed, it is a very good Shift, but answer me freely, do you understand Jewels? you know very well you do not; and must confess that you will be greatly disappointed, if the Ring, which you set a high Price upon, should prove to be of small Value.

This last Reflection gave me an Uneasiness, that I was willing to get rid of as soon as possible, and therefore repaired to the great Square, which is inhabited by the richest Merchants. Here I went into a Jeweller's House, and shewing my Brilliant, asked him the Value of it upon his Conscience, who, when he had examined it, valued it at a hundred Pistoles, and then asked me whether it was to be sold. I told him no, but in all Appearance, it would be in a little Time. Well, said he, when you have a Mind to part with it, bring it to me, and you shall have the hundred Pistoles. I went from the Jeweller very joyful, looking upon myself as
rich

rich as *Cræsus*, returned home full of the most agreeable Thoughts.

Signior *Gonzalez*, says the Doctor, to me upon my Arrival, I have spoke to the Professor of the Third Class, who, upon my Certificate of your Capacity, is willing to receive you into it without Examination, and you may go to the College when you please, which I did as soon as I had my new Clothes. Signior *Canizarez* went with me one Morning to the University, and conducted me to the Chamber of the Licentiate, *Gutierrez Hostigador*, Master of the third Class, who received us with an haughty Air of Gravity. I never saw Conceitedness so strongly painted in the Face of a Pedant, as in the Countenance of this Licentiate. Sir, says Signior *Canizarez*, this is the young Man who is to increase the Number of your Scholars. Then *Gutierrez*, putting his Hand upon my Head; spoke in this Manner: Young Man if you are diligent and love your Studies, we shall have a good Understanding between us, but if you are idle and unlucky, I declare, I shall shew you foul Play.

I assured the Licentiate that I would use my utmost Endeavours to please him; upon that Condition, said he, you may enter into my Class this Morning, and all

that I recommend to you, is, to be attentive to every Syllable I speak, for I say nothing but what is worthy your Observation, and then took his Leave of us. Doctor *Canizarez* went home, and I joined the Scholars, who were walking in the great Court where the Classes are, and entered into the Third at a proper Time. As a new Comer, I placed myself, with a very modest Air, at the lower End of the Bench, and, to attract the Good-will of my Governor, heard him with all the Attention he had recommended to me.

I shall never forget the profound Silence of his Class as soon as he appeared, and when he was exalted in his Chair, was surpris'd at his arrogant Deportment. The Great Mogul, seated upon his Throne, appears with less Haughtiness and Pride than this Pedant, upon whom I constantly fixed my Eyes. He kept his Scholars in Awe, and was so very rigid and severe, that they were in continual Dread before him. He was not satisfied with making himself feared and respected by his Class, but if he happened to be in the Court belonging to the College, and any one of his Disciples, for want of Thought or otherwise, neglected to salute him, he would call to him with an imperious Air, Hey Friend! where is your Hat? And if the Scholar

Scholar did not return him an Answer that satisfied his Vanity, he order'd his *Lictors*, that is to say, his Ushers, who always attended him, to lay hold of him, and drag him to his Class, where they soon let him know that he had but one Button to his Breeches.

CH A P. IV.

Of the sudden Progress he made in the Belles-Lettres; how his Love for Study came to slacken; and of his Proceedings after he left the University.

NOTwithstanding this Professor's Severity, I studied under him for six Months, and became one of his best Scholars; and in Truth I employed my Time so well, that I could not fail of improving in the *Belles-Lettres*. I was not satisfied with doing my Duty in the Class, but read the best Authors, which Doctor *Canizarez* took Care to make me understand, by his learned Commentaries upon the Text, so that I improved as much at home as at the College.

Notwithstanding my Application to my Studies, I went sometimes to take a Walk upon the Banks of the *River Formes*,
 C 2 which

which by its agreeable Windings, makes the Places adjacent to *Salamanca* very pleasant. I generally took this Walk with *Don Ramirez de Prado*, the tall Scholar I mention'd before, who had a good Reason to prefer my Company to that of the other Students; he knew I had Money, and even borrowed some of me, which he owes me to this Day, and I always paid the Expence of our Walks.

This *Don Ramirez* was a Lad who had already some Knowledge of the World, though he still frequented the College. He often passed his Holidays, and even Class-Days, in such Houses where he learn'd good Manners; and had contracted an Acquaintance with some handsome Ladies, who were willing to take the Pains of debauching him; among others *Signora Dalsa*, Widow of a Doctor of Laws, a Woman about Thirty or Thirty-five, agreeable in her Person, and of an entertaining Wit. And besides being capable of attracting Gallants herself, she had a Niece of her Husband's that lived with her, called *Bernardina*, who drew the Admiration of all who saw her.

Don Ramirez propos'd one Afternoon to conduct me to these Ladies, telling me that nothing so effectually polished a young

young Man as the Conversation of Women of Distinction and Wit. I suffered myself to be easily led by a Comrade, with whom I lived in strict Friendship, and we both repaired to the House of Signora *Dalsa*. They received us in such a Manner as made me imagine that my Introducer was in their good Graces. The Ladies loaded me with Civilities on Account of being his Friend, or the rather because they had agreed upon it among themselves to entice me. We had a Conversation for three Hours, in which the Widow shone exceedingly, and had a thousand diverting Flights. As to the Niece, she talked little, but cast some Glances upon me, which pleased me more than the Aunt's Strokes of Wit. In short, without knowing what Love was, I became in love with *Bernardina*, who was about my own Age, and might truly pass for a Beauty.

I was so taken up with her Charms as I returned home, that *Don Ramirez* might easily perceive my Head was disturb'd. Signior *Gonzalez*, said he, which of the Two are you for? the Widow or the Maiden? For the Niece, said I, though the Aunt is very agreeable. Your Freedom in speaking, said he, excites mine. I adore Signora *Dalsa*; so that we may each of us follow

our Inclinations without Constraint, as we are not Competitors in Love.

If I had not seen these Ladies a second Time, my Studies would have drove them out of my Memory; but four Days after *Don Ramirez* said to me, I have a happy Piece of News to tell you. *Bernardina* is pleased with you; she declared it to her Aunt, whom I come from visiting, and who has entrusted me with the Secret. As I profess a sincere Friendship for you, I think it my Duty to acquaint you with it, that you may make use of this Discovery to your Advantage. If you can prevail upon this Damsel to marry you, as I doubt not but you may, you may be easy as long as you live; for she is sole Heiress to an Uncle, by her Mother's Side, who is immensely rich, and has only two very infirm Children. Make your Addresses to her instantly; I will reconduct you to her To-morrow. One Thing only makes me uneasy, added he, which is, that I have not a Penny in my Pocket; if I had Money I would order a little Collation to be got ready. Such kind of Expences are agreeable to the Ladies, and some are so well pleased with them, that the Happiness of their Lovers has some Dependance upon such Entertainments.

Here

Here I hastily interrupted my Companion, and said, well Friend, the Money we want to entertain our Mistresses is ready; I have some Doublons left still, for which I am indebted to no Body living, for my dropscical Man was really dead; and at the same Time taking a Couple of Doublons out of my Purse, I gave them to *Don Ramirez*, asking him whether that was sufficient? Without Doubt, says he; pray let us go on gently; I perceive, young Gentleman, that you are too generous; I must put a Curb to your extravagant Temper. Let me have the Management of your Money. I undertake to prepare a Collation, which, Thanks to my Oeconomy, will cost little, and do you abundance of Honour.

I ought upon this Occasion to have made use of the Needle and Thread, of which my Landlord of *Molina* had made me a Present; but so far from thinking my Doublons misemploy'd, I took it kind of my Comrade, that he had propos'd such a Party of Pleasure.

We returned back to the Ladies, who paid me greater Compliments than they had done the first Time. They affected an extraordinary Surprize at the Sight of the Collation that *Don Ramirez* had prepared, which consisted of some Baskets of

Fruit, accompanied with different Sorts of warm, as well as iced Liquors. Young Gentlemen, says Signora *Dalsa* to us, affecting an Uneasiness, give me leave to reprove you for putting yourselves to this Expence: you are young Men, and ought not to have more Money than is just necessary, and I advise you to manage it prudently. Madam, says my Friend, it is not I that entertain you, but Signior *Gonzalez*, who, thank God, is rich enough to afford such a Collation every Day, without doing himself any Prejudice. He has neither Father nor Mother, is his own Master, has his Estate in his own Hands, and is in the Condition that all Persons of Family would wish to be.

I assumed the Discourse in my Turn, and told the Ladies, that the Expence of the Fruit and Liquors was but a Trifle, and did not in the least deserve their Notice. Upon this Signior *Prado* launched out into Encomiums upon my Generosity, in such a Manner, that if I had not been so raw and unexperie'd as I was, I must have perceived that he was in League with these two Nymphs, and that their Design was to ruin me; which happened soon after. For growing every Day more captivated with *Bernardina*, I made her so many Presents, and gave her so many Entertain-

forted for the Loss of my Money, as if I had been less miserable because they were not Witnesses to it.

One Morning as I was going out of my Patron St. *Stephen's* Church, I met a Footman in a handsome Livery, who saluted me. I did not instantly call him to Mind; but when I had consider'd him a little, I knew him to be one of my School-fellows, in the same Class. So then, said I, *Mansano*, you are in Disgrace at the University as well as myself; had you not some unlucky Skirmish with the Licentiate *Hofrigador*? You have hit the right Nail on the Head, says he, that very Tyrant of the third Class is the Occasion of my taking leave of the Muses. That inflexible Governor, to punish me only for once playing Truant, after he had made me ask Pardon before the whole Class, would have whipp'd me to satisfy his predominant Passion. I made some Resistance, and his Ministers of Justice coming to his Assistance, we collar'd each other; but what did my Courage avail in so unequal a Fight? I gave them several Slaps on the Face with my Fist, and kicked them over the Legs, which they returned me with Interest, by whipping me very heartily.

From that Time, continued he, I never went to the College, and meeting with

an Opportunity of being no farther Burthen to my Relations, who are in but indifferent Circumstances, I accepted of a Footman's Place, at the Bishop's of this City, who is a Prelate of extraordinary Merit, and of a good Family; and likewise lives like a Prince. His Palace is always filled with Nobility, and there is very good Living. The Dishes that are served upon the Table at one Repast, would be sufficient to feed the People of an Hospital for three Days. How happily do his Servants live! They do nothing but eat, drink, play, and sleep, and when they have passed ten, or twelve Years in this pleasant Service, he sets them up, and by that means lays the Foundation of a good Family.

I congratulated *Mansano* upon his Place, and when we had parted, fell into a deep Meditation. I considered this Lad's Happiness, and repented that I had not acquainted him with my Inclination of going into his Master's Service upon the same Footing. My Vanity pleaded in vain that I was the Son of a Doctor in Physick, and ought to entertain more noble Sentiments; the inevitable and impending Poverty with which I was threatened, unless I resolved to go to Service, made me form the Design. I went the

next

next Day to the Bishop's Palace, and enquired for *Mansano*, who was no sooner acquainted with the Occasion of my Visit, but he told me, the Prelate was provided with all he had Occasion for, but that his Nephew, *Don Christoval de Gaviria*, who lived with him in the Palace, wanted a Footman. He added, that he would speak to his Lordship's Steward, and assured me that at his Request, he would place me with the young Lord. Return again To-morrow, continued he, and I will satisfy you whether you may depend upon the Place, which will be very genteel for you; and as *Don Christoval* is one of the worthiest Gentlemen in the World, I wish it may succeed, and shall be very glad to meet at the Bishop's Table, with one who was my Comerade at the College.

I was not behind-hand with *Mansano* in Civility, and though I had not kept Company with Signora *Dalsa* and her Niece very long, I had so far improved by their Conversation, that I already knew how to pay Compliments. I waited for the Success of this Negotiation with Impatience, which answered my Expectation. My Friend acted in such a Manner as to secure the Steward in my Interest, who presented me himself to *Don Christoval*, who took me into his Service.

C H A P. V.

In what Manner he served Don Christoval de Gaviria, and for what Piece of Indiscretion he lost his Place.

AFTER having been two Years Apprentice to a Surgeon, and ten Months an Auditor in a Class at the University, I am on a sudden become a young Nobleman's Footman. My Master, *Don Christoval*, was at this Time in the Twenty-first Year of his Age. He was a Gentleman of so extraordinary an Appearance, and whose Manners were so engaging, that I began immediately to have an Inclination for him. When he first saw me indeed, he shewed that he was pleased with my Person, which perhaps had a greater Share in the Sentiments with which he had inspired me than his Appearance.

The Bishop, his Uncle, who had taken a Pleasure in his Education under himself, loved him tenderly, and had just removed his Tutor from him; so that my Master was at Liberty to go where he pleased, without being accountable to any Body for his Proceedings, which Liberty was agreeable to his Taste, and he made an excellent Use of it. He loved
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the fair Sex a little, and willingly embraced the Opportunity of beginning an Intrigue. Myself and an old, grave, devout Valet de Chambre composed his whole Household, and as I was the most proper of the two to be Agent in his amorous Intrigues, he honoured me with those Messages; however he wanted a more experienced Ferret than myself to unborrough those Beauties; but perhaps he imagined that I was as capable as any Body, since he chose me for his Confident. *Gonzalez*, said he to me one Day, I have taken an Affection for you, and to give you a certain Proof of it, shall open my Heart to you.

I made him a low Bow, as an Acknowledgment that I was sensible of the Honour done me by my Patron, who pursued his Discourse in the following Manner: Know then that by the Assistance of one of those old Women, who walk with a Rosary in their Hands to offer Gentlemen's Services to the Ladies, I am become acquainted with one of the most beautiful Women in *Salamanca*. I never spoke to her but once, and impatiently languish to see her again. Go immediately to seek for *Pepita*, which is the old Woman's Name; here is her Direction, added he, putting a small Piece of Paper into my

Hand,

Hand, and tell her that I languish in Expectation of a second Interview with the Lady, with whom she brought me acquainted. I judged by the Manner in which my Master expressed himself, that he was deeply smitten; and to make my Zeal keep Pace with the Strength of his Passion, I ran, nay I flew to *Pepita*, who lived in a Street that had no Thorough-fare, near the *Cordeliers*. To give you an exact Description of this old Hag, fancy you see an old Woman, at least seventy-two Years of Age, three Foot and a half high, nothing but Skin and Bones, with little Eyes as red as Ferrets, and the Under Lip of her Mouth turned up in such a Manner as to cover the Upper. This is a Description of *Pepita*. She received me in a low Apartment, which, as dark and uncleanly as it was, was often the Asylum of Love and Pleasure.

As soon as I delivered my Commission, the old Woman very obligingly said, My Dear, you may assure Signior *Don Ckristoval*, that he shall see the Lady he admires this Evening at my House; though this is attended with some Difficulty, since a Brother must be deceived, who narrowly watches his Sister's Conduct, and who is not easily imposed upon. I answered, This is what my Master foresaw, putting

a Purse with some Pistoles in it into her Hand; and here is what he ordered me to give you, to assist you in removing those Obstacles.

I would throw this Money back with Disdain, said she, if I knew your Master's Views were not honourable; but I believe him to be too honest a Gentleman to have any other, and in that Opinion I am ready to serve him. He shall have a second Interview with his Mistress To-morrow. Go and carry him this News, and leave me to finish my Rosary which I had begun as you entered my House. Farewel my Love, added she, chucking me under the Chin with one of her dry Paws, what a pretty Fellow you are! if I was but fifteen, by St. Agnes I would make you my Husband.

I had no sooner given *Don Christoval* an Account of my Embassy, but to heal any Sting of Conscience that might happen upon the nice Employment his Amour had afforded me, he made me a Present of ten Pistoles, assuring me at the same Time, that in serving him I should serve myself. For which Reason I resolved for the future rather to play the Part of a Confident than that of a Lover, since Ruin attended the former, and Profit the latter. My Master thought the Hours very long
till

till Evening came, when we both slipp'd out to *Pepita's* House by the Favour of the Night.

The Heroine of the Rendezvous was already come; but I could not see her when I went in; for instead of following my Master into the Hall, where she waited for him, I stay'd with the old Woman in a Sort of Antichamber, which was separated from it only by a Deal Partition, where I could hear more than half the Lovers Discourse. I listened attentively to what they said, and immediately took some Pleasure to hear it. But fancying I knew the Lady's Voice, and when I had listened a little longer, being convinced it was *Bernardina's*, I was very much disturbed, and my Passion began to rise, which was however suppressed by Reason. Let the Jilt, says I, love *Don Christoval* and a thousand more, what is that to me? I have abandoned her, and am no longer concerned in her Behaviour.

I was heartily enraged to see that a Girl, who had always been so reserved in my Company, should act the Part of a wretched Strumpet; and in the Fret I was resolved to place myself in her Way when she went out. The Confusion I imagined she would be in to find me a Witness of her Conduct gave me some Relief; in short,

short, I was in Hopes of making her ashamed, but failed in my Expectation. I offered myself in vain to *Bernardina*, who was so far from being discomposed at my Presence, that she had the Impudence to seem a Stranger to me, and went out with a surprizing Assurance.

When my Master and myself were returned home, the Gentleman began to boast of the Favours he had received; and having expressed all he could say in Favour of his Mistress, I replied, Sir, I am ravished that you are so well pleased with *Bernardina*, and congratulate you upon it. What do you mean by *Bernardina*, said he? who told you that was the Lady's Name? Have you known her? Perfectly well Sir, said I, and her Aunt *Dalsa*, whom, in all Appearance, I believe to be no better than herself. In short, Sir, I know them both, and had I never seen them I should not have had the Honour of being your Footman. *Gonzalez*, said he, speak to me without Mystery. Sir, said I, there is no Mystery in it, nothing is more plain. I know the Person you have lately had in your Company, to be *Bernardina*, the Niece of an old Counsellor who is dead, with whose Widow she lives. I visited these two Princesses for three Months, who obliged me to spend a hundred Pistoles, which

which I designed for the Prosecution of my Studies. But what grieves me most, is, that the pretty *Bernardina*, who goes to *Pepita's* House without making the least Scruple, has made a Dupe of me for the sake of my Money.

I spoke these last Words so feelingly, that *Don Christoval* smiled, and being pleased with the ill Usage of which I complained, he pretended to espouse my Cause, and said, in a bantering Manner, poor Fellow, indeed *Bernardina* ought to have acted otherwise by a Man who made love to her upon honourable Terms. I can assure you, *Gonzalez*, that I will reproach her of it the first Time I see her. I let my Master divert himself as much as he pleased at my Expence, being unable to prevent it, and fully persuaded that the Time would come, when he would repent in his Turn, at being concerned with such a Creature. And I should infallibly have had that Pleasure, if I had served this young Gentleman six Months longer. But by an immutable Decree of Providence, or if you please by my own Indiscretion, I lost my Place two Days after, in the Manner I am going to relate.

Counts, Marquises, and Gentlemen frequently came to dine at the Episcopal Palace, among whom you may imagine
were

were several Originals. There came one in particular, who had the foolish Custom of spitting out *Latin* upon all Occasions, as they term it. He was an old Commander, whose Head might be stiled an ill-ranged Library; he had read the *Latin* Poets at the College, of which he retained a Number of Fragments, and continually quoted *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Perseus*, *Tibullus*, and *Juvenal*. He confounded those Authors indeed sometimes, and that Day among others, for his Misfortune and my own, he gave a Quotation from *Perseus* instead of *Horace* while I was present, and waited among the Bishop's Footmen. When I perceived the Commander's Mistake, instead of sewing up my Mouth, I opened my Throat, according to my natural Vivacity, and said, Sir, with your Permission, the Verses you quoted last are not in *Perseus*, as you imagine, they are in *Horace*. I had no sooner let these Words slip, but the Commander looking askew at me, answered me, with an angry and disdainful Air, Hold your Tongue, you Rascal, it does not become a Footman to contradict me. Why Sir, replied I? As a Footman I give you Wine when you ask it, and as a Man of Letters I correct your Mistakes.

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The whole Company, who were disposed to be merry, fell into a violent Fit of Laughter at my Repartee, which only aggravated the Commander's Anger. He desired to have Satisfaction for my Insolence, upon which *Don Christoval* ordered me immediately to retire. I obeyed his Orders, thinking I should come off only by being obliged not to appear any more before this false Quoter of Passages; but my Master told me in the Evening, with a melancholy Air, Friend *Gonzalez*, I am very much troubled at the Scene which passed at Noon; you would have done much better to have said nothing, than to have shewn your Knowledge of *Horace* at so improper a Time. By this Act of Indiscretion you have banished yourself from the Episcopal Palace. It is impossible to keep you after the Affront the Commander imagines he received from you, which he deserved in reality for his frequent *Latin* Citations. He is a Man of a singular Character, and so ticklish in the Point of Honour, that unless I discharged you he would never forgive me, and therefore am under a Necessity of doing it though I love you. But to comfort you, added he, I make you a Present of thirty Pistoles, which will serve for Subsistence till you are provided with another Place. While he uttered

uttered these last Words, he put a Purse into my Hand, in which were thirty Pistoles. I heartily thanked *Don Christoval*, and as my Disgrace could be imputed to myself only, I left the Episcopal Palace, after I had pulled off my Footman's Habit, and resumed that of the Scholar.

C H A P. VI.

What became of Estevanille after Don Christoval had discharged him, and by what Fortune he entered into the Service of the Licentiate Salablanca, Dean of the Cathedral of Salamanca. The singular Character of that Ecclesiastick.

I Returned that very Evening to my ready-furnished Lodging, which I had hired again till the Opportunity offered of serving some good Master. I had taken a Fancy to Servitude, having yet felt only the Sweets of it, and went every Day to dine and sup at an Ordinary in the Neighbourhood, where I met with good Company, the House being frequented by Ecclesiasticks, and among others by a Chanter of the Cathedral.

I contracted an Acquaintance with the last, whose Name was *Vanegas*. He was a jolly Fellow, between twenty and thirty

ty Years of Age, a merry Blade, whose Temper squared so exactly with my own, that we pleased each other at first Sight. May one take the Liberty, said he one Day, to ask your Business at *Salamanca*? I am without Employment, said I, at present. It is not above a Week since I was Footman to *Don Christoval*, Nephew to the Bishop of *Salamanca*, but two or three Lines of *Horace* occasioned my Discharge. Is it possible, cried the Chanter, in a Surprise? Prithee let me know this Adventure. I related it to him, and when I mentioned the Words that had put the Commander into so great a Passion, he laughed so extravagantly that he shook all the Tables in the Hall; for his Voice was so harsh, that whenever he spoke, laughed, or sung, it sounded like one of the great Pipes of an Organ. When he had thoroughly diverted his Spleen, assuming a serious Air, he assured me that he would leave no Stone unturned to get me a good Employ.

He succeeded in his Endeavours, and in a few Days afterwards accosted me in this Manner: Friend *Gonzalez*, I have found out a Place for you, which I should prefer to that you have lately quitted. The Licentiate *Salablanca*, Dean of our Chapter, wants a Servant, who is to act both

both as his Footman and Secretary; I imagined that you would acquit yourself very well in these two Employes. I answered without doubt, to a Nicety; you have nothing more to do than to let me into the Dean's Character. He is a Man, replied he, of solid Piety, though he does not make a Shew of such an austere Outside, as the Generality of your Devotees. He is a Priest between fifty-five and sixty Years of Age, a Man of great Simplicity, Affability, and Meekness. If he thinks you have the least Affection for him, he will repose an entire Confidence in you, and by Degrees you will bring Matters to bear very well in his Family. After Dinner we will go to see him; and this very Day I will fix you with that venerable Ecclesiastick, who has above a thousand Crowns a Year in Benefices.

In effect, *Vanegas*, upon our leaving the Ordinary, conducted me to a little House, where the Licentiate *Salablanca* lived. Sir, says he, to the Dean, I have brought the young Man I spoke to you of, whose Name is *Estevanille Gonzalez*; he is of a good Family, and an Orphan, who by his ill Fortune is obliged to go to Service. He was in his third Class at the University, where he was eminent for his bright Parts, and has abundance of Honour,
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Wit, and Integrity; you will have a Treasure in this young Fellow, and I will answer for him. He could not pitch upon a more proper Person, replied the Dean, and, as a good Servant is a valuable Present, I am obliged to you for him, and take him the more willingly, because I like his Physiognomy. The Chanter was very well pleased that he had succeeded in his Enterprize, and took leave of the Licentiate, with whom he left me.

Well Friend, says my new Master, you and I, it seems, are to live together, Heaven be praised for it! I believe you are not ignorant of the Duty Servants owe to their Masters. As for my Part, I am sensible of those Masters owe to their Servants. Let us both perform our Duty exactly, it will be the way for us to agree together; look upon me as your Father, and I shall look upon you as my Son. At these Words, I threw myself at his Feet, protesting, that I would do every Thing that lay in my Power to gain his Favour. He made me rise, and changing his Discourse; *Gonzalez*, says he, you are no longer in an Episcopal Palace; you are fallen from one Extreme to another. At present you serve a Priest, who is but of the second Order. You

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will

will not see any Delicacy or Plenty at my Table. A Soupe with a little boiled Meat serves me for my Dinner, and at Night I content myself with a plain Dish of Roast. The Licentiate having talked to me in this Manner, bid me go and fetch my Things, and order them to be carried to his House, which was done in less than two Hours Time.

At my Return I found the Dean at Supper in the Hall, entertaining himself in a familiar Manner with two of his Domesticks, who were standing before him. One was his Cook, a little, old, hump-backed Fellow; and the other his House-Keeper, whose Age and Ugliness made her very canonical. I fell into Conversation with them; after which, in order to begin my Function as a Lackey, I went to the Buffet, upon which stood a Bottle of Port Wine, with a Glass and a Flagon of Water, and whenever my Master called for Drink, I carried his Glass upon a Salver, which I filled with the Air of a Drawer, who had served his Apprenticeship in a noted Tavern. He contented himself that Night with a Shoulder of Mutton roasted, of which he eat very little; and then went up into his Room, that the Cook, the House-Keeper, and myself

myself might have the Liberty of supping together.

I soon became acquainted with these two Servants, and in the Discourse we had together, did not fail giving them the Opportunity of expressing their Thoughts of the Dean. What a Happiness is it, says I, to have such a Master as ours! What an Air of Goodness! Does he always speak to you in the same gentle Manner as he has done to Night? Has he no Whimsies, no Humours, nor bad Moments? No, answered the little hump-backed Fellow, He is perfectly even-tempered. Now and then, indeed, he appears to be gloomy and thoughtful; but this does not last, and his Servants don't suffer by it. I have served other Devotees, continued he, who were not of so good a Character, and God knows what I endured with a Canon of *Toledo*, though he was otherwise an honest Man. He was naturally so passionate, that he threw my Fricassee at my Head, when he found they had too much Pepper or Salt in them. I thank God, says *Leonella*, which was the Name of the House-keeper, our Master, the Licentiate, has no Faults. He is only accused of being a little covetous; though he is a Churchman, the World may be mistaken in that

Particular. Instead of heaping up Money, as is supposed, perhaps he may give it privately away to the Poor, which is very commendable, it being better to do good in private, than with Noise and Ostentation.

They mentioned several other Particulars, which gave me to understand, that I had one of the best Creatures in the World for a Master, with whom I should live very agreeably. After Supper, which was soon over, the Shoulder of Mutton not being sufficient to serve three Persons very long who had good Stomachs, I went up to the Dean's Chamber, where I found him on his Knees, before an Ivory Crucifix, in an Ebony Frame, upon a Ground of black Velvet. He rose up as soon as he had finished his Prayers, and as I perceived he was preparing to go to Bed, I offered my Service to undress him, begging that he would excuse me, if I did not acquit myself with the Dexterity I could wish, as I had not been hitherto accustomed to Service. However, I was not so awkward as I pretended to be, since *Don Christoval* was very well satisfied with my Waiting.

Upon that, the Licentiate asked me several Questions of my Family, and judging by my Answers, that I was not
born

born to be a Valet, he seemed very much moved at my Condition. Unfortunate Gonzalez, says he, how heartily I pity your having lost the Authors of your Birth so early! If it was not for this Misfortune, you would not be in a State of Servitude. However, my Lad, since Heaven is pleased to have it so, you must submit to its Will, without murmuring. For my Part, continued he, I intend to soften the Rigour of your Condition as much as possible, and to treat you in such a Manner that you shall scarce know you have a Master.

I was transported with these Words, which inspired me on a sudden with so great a Zeal and Inclination for the Dean, that I could have been sacrificed for his Sake; which plainly proves, that it is the Masters Fault when they are not beloved by their Servants. I felt so great an Emotion in myself before-hand, upon the kind Promises he made me, that he found by the Disorder I was in when I spoke to him, that if I wanted Eloquence, I still had a Sense of Gratitude. He struck me gently on the Shoulder, and said to me with a Smile, Friend, go to Bed. I have all the Reason in the World to believe, that we shall do very well together. Your Predecessor, continued he,

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had

had but fifteen Pistoles for his Wages, but I will give you twenty, to shew you with how much Satisfaction I take you into my Service.

I let my Dean go to Bed; and then retired to a little Closet adjoining, of which he made his Wardrobe, and where was a little Bed, not unlike that at the Boarding-School. This was my Lodging. I slept very little that Night, and to shew that I was not addicted to Laziness, was up by Break of Day; so that when my Master, who generally rose very early, called me, I appeared before him dressed, and ready to receive his Orders. By what I observe, said he, you are not fond of your Bed, I like you the better for it. Here, added he, putting a Paper into my Hands, I am beginning to shew you that I intend to let you into my private Affairs; this is a Bill for two hundred Crowns which I entrust you with. Carry it immediately from me to Signior *Don Juan de Barros*, Receiver-General of our Chapter, and he will pay you the Money. I went with the Bill, and executed my Commission in such a Manner, that the Licentiate was very well pleased with me, and I increased daily in his Favour.

I had now lived near a Month with him, when, as he was one Evening at Supper, he fell into a profound Thought. Instead of diverting himself according to his usual Custom, and laughing with his Domesticks, he did not speak a Word all the while he was at Table. We addressed our Discourse to him two or three Times, but it was to no Purpose, he answered only with Sighs. In short, one would have thought he had been devoured by some secret Uneasiness, he appeared so overwhelmed with Melancholy. He eat very little that Evening, and excusing my waiting to undress him, he went up to his Chamber, where he shut himself in. Without doubt, says I to the little Cook, this is one of the unlucky Moments you mentioned to me before. Yes, says he, you see how great a Contradiction our Master is to himself sometimes. But these are Clouds that will be soon dispersed, Tomorrow you will see him in his usual Humour.

In that Persuasion, we all three remained in the Hall, where we supped very merrily, and then went to Bed. I was already stretched upon mine, and began to close my Eyes with Sleep, when I fancied I heard my Master's Voice. I listened with all the Attention imaginable,

and soon found he was stalking about the Room, and talking to himself of his Uneasiness. I listened to hear him more distinctly ; but could only pick up a few Words, by which I judged it was the Delicacy of his Conscience that troubled his Repose. I heard a Noise that sounded like the Strokes of a Discipline which the Devotee was using to himself, probably not without Reason, and all Night he did nothing else but talk, whip, and torment himself.

As soon as Day appeared, he went out, saying nothing, and walked about the Town, from whence he returned three Hours after, with an Air of Gaiety, which increased my Surprise, as I expected to have seen him return more melancholy than ever. He took me up with him into his Chamber, and shutting the Door, said, *Gonzalez*, I must communicate my Joy to you, and make you the Depositary of my Secrets. Know then, that I have obtained an important and glorious Victory. You are pleased, Sir, says I, with an Air as gay as his own, to make me rejoice with you, though I am yet ignorant of the Occasion. I have vanquished, replied he, I have overthrown that Devil Avarice. I had hoarded up three hundred Crowns, and kept them carefully in my Coffers.

My

My Heart was fixed there; but our heavenly Father has had Compassion on his Servant, and has given me his Assistance. I have just now thrown all that Money into the Hospital Box; by which means I have eased myself of a heavy Load that I was unable to support.

You may imagine I was not a little surprized at his Discourse, which made me take the Licentiate for a Madman. He took notice of it, and in order to give me a Proof that he was in his Senses, he went on in this Manner: You must know, Friend, that I am naturally covetous. I have such a Passion for Money, that the Severity of my Morals is continually struggling against it, without being able to extinguish it. I am easy when I have nothing but what is necessary for the Subsistence of me and my Domesticks. On the contrary, as soon as I find I have what is superfluous, I forget that it belongs to the Poor. I shut it up, I hide it, I idolize it, my Fondness of it revives again, I heap Pieces upon Pieces; in short, I abandon myself to my Passion. However, though Avarice has conquer'd me, it does not enjoy its Conquest quietly. Charity comes immediately to interrupt its Triumph, and to dispute the Booty it has seized upon. It is then I feel a strange Struggle in my Heart,

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that

that plunges me into a deep Melancholy, the Event of which might prove favourable to Vice, without the Assistance of Heaven; but Thanks to the divine Goodness, I have hitherto vanquished my Enemy.

When the scrupulous Dean, who was charmed with his Victory, had spoke to me in this Manner, he burst out into new Transports of Joy that he had got rid of his three hundred Crowns in so happy a Manner. Then prostrating himself before his Crucifix, to thank God for having given him Strength to perform so heroic an Action, this holy Man (for such he certainly was) remained above a Quarter of an Hour at Prayers, and so charmed me by his edifying Air, that I thought I could not sufficiently admire him. When he rose up, he resumed a smiling Countenance, and addressed himself to me in these Words: *Gonzalez*, you see I am very much pleased, but yet am really more so than I seem to be. If you did but conceive all the inward Satisfaction I feel in being freed from the Tyranny of Avarice, I am persuaded you would follow my Example this Moment, and I exhort you to do it. If you have any Money to spare, I advise you, as a Friend, to carry it to the Hospital, in order to prevent the Inclination

clination you might insensibly contract for Riches.

I smiled at this Advice, which he indeed gave me very devoutly, but was not in the least tempted to strip myself of my Pistoles, though a subtle Casuist might possibly have perplexed me about the Lawfulness of the Possession of them. Sir, replied I to the Licentiate, if I had a Benefice that supplied me with more than I wanted, I would endeavour to imitate you, though you really seem to be inimitable; but beg you would consider, that I am a poor young Fellow without any Fortune. All I have in the World, perhaps does not amount to more than twenty Pistoles, which I saved in the last Service I was in; can I with Prudence strip myself of them? Who knows what may happen? If I should have the ill Fortune to lose you, and to be long out of Business, and looking for a new Master, would not the World have Room to reproach me for having been so indiscreetly charitable? What you say, replied the Dean, would be very reasonable, if future Wants should give us any Concern; but we ought not to be uneasy at that, or suffer the Fear of wanting Money to serve us for an Excuse to disappoint the Poor of what Superfluity we have.

My

My rigid Patron made all these fine Speeches to me to no manner of purpose, I looked upon them as so much Wind, and therefore dropp'd the Subject. Two Months after this Adventure, which he charged me not to reveal to the two other Servants, he sent me again to the Receiver of the Chapter for two hundred Crowns more, which I brought to him. He put them in his Chest, and kept them three Weeks without seeming to be concerned about them; however he really was so, and by degrees my Devotee became melancholy again. As soon as I perceived it, I said to him, Sir, since I have the Honour to be your Confident, I think it my Duty to endeavour to comfort you, without waiting till you acquaint me how much you want it; I know too well what passes in your Heart; Avarice and Charity are together by the Ears, and the Event of the Battle is uncertain. Permit a faithful Servant, who interests himself in your Happiness, to be a Guide to you, that you may extricate yourself out of the Labyrinth you are in. Yes, dear *Estevanille*, replied the Dean in a melancholy Manner, I struggle Night and Day against a powerful Enemy, who seems to gain fresh Courage in proportion as mine decreases. Help me to foil him,
if

if you can : With all my Heart, Sir, replied I, and we will do it immediately, if you please. How is it possible to compass it, cries the Licentiate ? With abundance of Ease, says I ; deliver this dreadful Money instantly into my Hands, for fear it should be your Ruin at last. I will rid you of it by throwing it into the Poor's Box, which is at the Entrance of the Monastery of *St. Bernard*.

My Master did not immediately come into the Expedient proposed ; but at last the Reflections of the Devotee, by little and little, got the upper Hand of the Passions of the Miser. I consent to it, Friend, says he, charge yourself with this Commission ; by which means you will likewise ease me of the Anguish I should feel by carrying the Money myself. Upon these Words, he took a Bag out of his Chest, and putting it into my Hands, Here, says he, are the Victims I must sacrifice. Go, my Lad, run, fly, and bring me Word immediately that the Sacrifice is made.

I left my Master in his Chamber to vent a few Sighs, which he could not forbear at my Departure, or rather for the Loss of his Victims, and took the Road towards the Convent of *St. Bernard*, with an Intention faithfully to execute the Commission with which I was charged.

I went there in the earnestest Manner that could be, and had certainly done my Duty like an honest Lad, if that Devil Avarice had not come and tempted me; who was doubtless in so great a Rage at having been vanquished by the Master, that he was resolved to revenge himself upon the Servant. He stopped me short, just as I was going into the Church, and whispering me in the Ear, *Estevanille*, says he, where are you going, you silly Wretch? you are going to carry Coals to *Newcastle*; do you imagine that the Hospitals want any thing? you are mistaken, *Gonzalez*, They are supported by the Charity of so many rich Persons, that you will never find their Pot without Meat in it. Their Revenues increase daily, by Wills made in their Favour. Besides, their Estates are never pillaged, like those of great Men, by knavish Stewards; their Presidents and Administrators are honest People, who take a Pleasure in managing their Affairs for the Love of God, and in being disinterested in their Administration. Then don't throw this Money into a Box which good Fortune has put into your Hands; rather keep it for yourself; perhaps you may have Occasion for it in a little Time. Besides, since the Dean destines it for the Use of the Poor, one Part
of

of it belongs to you, which Circumstance seems to extenuate your Fault in some Measure.

The Devil, by suggesting these bad Thoughts to me, which he had the Art of making me relish, corrupted my Integrity. Instead of going into the Church, I marched towards the great Square, where, for a small Matter, I converted my Crowns, at a Money-Changer's, into Doublons, which I squeezed into my Pockets with ease. Afterwards I returned home, where the Licentiate waited for me impatiently. I wish you Joy, Sir, says I, accosting him with a gay Air, the Business is done; the Fish is in the Hospital Basket; you may be easy in your Conscience again. I am vastly pleased, replied he, that the Affair is finished, and thank you for it. You too, my Lad, ought to rejoice, having had your Share in this good Work. I do very heartily, said I, and if you should have the Misfortune to find yourself again in the same Perplexity from which I have now delivered you, I flatter myself that you will be so good as to accept of my Service to rid you of it. The Dean assured me, he had no other Intention. A few Months after finding he had got together a pretty considerable Sum of Money again, which he thought
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superfluous, and feeling himself tormented with his Seruples, he had recourse to another Method to ease himself of it.

He bought a great Number of Books of Morality and Divinity, thinking by that Purchase to set his Mind at rest; but after a profound Meditation at the Foot of his Crucifix, he called me. I ran as soon as I heard his Voice, and observing that he was in greater Trouble and Agitation than ever, Dear Sir, says I, what is the matter? Have you a Mind that I should share with you in any more of your good Actions? Ah! *Gonzalez*, replied he, fetching a most deep Sigh, how subtle the Devil is! I imagined I had deceived him, but he has laid a Snare for me, which I have fallen into. I thought in buying those Books that there was no Room for Charity to complain. What a Mistake was I in! These Works, though excellent in their Kind, are useless to me. I don't read them, I employ the chief Part of my Time at Prayers. To what purpose then, Wretch as I am, have I made such a Purchase? How many poor People might I have relieved with the Money that these Books have cost me, which are but an useless Ornament to my Chamber.

The over-charitable Dean was so mortified to have been at an Expence which he

he thought criminal, that he was inconsolable. Confidants sometimes give good Counsel, Sir, says I; the Fault you have committed does not seem to me to be irreparable. There is nothing more to be done (with due Submission to your better Judgment) than to carry all these Books back to the Bookseller, who has sold them to you. He will take them again, allowing him a reasonable Profit, and I will go immediately and carry the Money we get for them to the Hospital. I approve of this Advice, cried the Licentiate, Heaven has inspired you with it, and I will follow it immediately.

At the same Time, he ordered me to fetch two Biers; which I did with great Alacrity, the Reason whereof I believe I need not mention. What displeased me, was, that my Master would go along with me to the Bookseller's, who happened to be the very same old one-eyed Fellow, who had so good a Knack at directing People where to board. Though Tradesmen are not over-well pleased, when People bring them Goods again which they have sold, he took his Books back very obligingly, and returned the Dean a hundred and fifty Crowns out of the two hundred he had received, contenting himself with the rest, to indemnify him for
having

having lost the Opportunity of disposing of them, as well as for the Interest, during the Time they had been out of his Shop.

I immediately laid my Hands upon the Money that was coming to us, and put it into a Bag, with which the Bookseller furnished us *gratis*, and when we were in the Street, I desired my Master to go home, where I would come to him in a little Time. He answered that he would go with me. What, Sir, replied I, have you any Mistrust of me? God forbid, said he, No, my Lad, I am convinced of your Honesty. I desired to go with you only to be myself a Witness of my Victory; but since you thought that I suspected you, I will convince you that you are in the wrong. Go then alone, and acquit yourself of a Commission so agreeable to God. When he had said this, he returned home, and I repaired to the Money-Changer's where I again converted my Crowns into double Pistoles.

My Purse, you see, began to swell a little, and with the Hopes of swelling it still more, I grew the most contented young Fellow in *Spain*, till a melancholy Accident destroy'd my Expectations. The Dean, a few Days after the Adventure of the Books, fell sick, and sent for the
most

most famous Physicians of *Salamanca*, who prescribed for him, and then he died. His Eyes were no sooner closed, than his Relations in the Town flocked together in a hurry, not doubting but the Deceased had died rich; but were strangely surprized to find only a few Crowns that he kept for his Family Expences. As they complained of it, I told them, they ought not to be surprized, since the Licentiate *Salablanca*, being convinced that all he had superfluous belonged to the Poor by Right, carried it himself very carefully to the Hospital Box. The Relations, being dissatisfied with the Smallness of their Inheritance, divided his Effects among them, and, just as if they had guessed I had been my own Pay-Master, made me lose above half my Wages, which was to be deducted on Account of the Share I had in my Master's good Actions.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Estevanille, after the Death of the Dean, goes to see Vanegas, and engages himself in the Service of one of the King's Chaplains.

AS soon as I was discharged from my Service, I went to see *Vanegas*, at whose House I met an *Italian Ecclesiastick*, who was one of the Royal Chaplains at *Salamanca*. As soon as I appeared, the Chanter said to me, Poor *Gonzalez*, the Sight of you renews my Grief? How concerned I am, that your Happiness has been of so short Duration! I had fixed this young Fellow, pursued he, addressing himself to the Royal Chaplain, with the Licentiate *Salablanca*, who died lately. It was a pretty Employment for the young Man, and it is a pity he could not enjoy it longer, for he is a very deserving, zealous, and faithful Servant, and moreover a Lad of a good Family, who has some Principles of Literature.

While *Vanegas* talked in this Manner, the *Italian* examined me attentively from Head to Foot; and whether he really had Occasion for a Servant, or whether any other Reason determined him at once to take me, he said to *Vanegas*, I must have

a Servant, and this young Fellow may, if he will, enter into my Service. The handsome Things you have said of him, and his Physiognomy, make me wish to have him. He may depend upon it that I shall have a particular Regard for him upon your Account, and take a pleasure in cultivating his Genius, and making those Seeds of Literature shoot forth that he has already. I will give him the same Wages he had with the Dean, and fancy he will lose nothing by the Change. Therefore let him consider of it, and if this suits him, you know where I live, and may send him to me. At these Words, which he uttered in a very soft Tone of Voice, he embraced *Vanegas*, and went away.

Well, said the Chanter to me, when we were alone, how do you like the Proposal that has been made, and the Person it comes from? This Ecclesiastick, replied I, seems to be an honest Man. Do you think I should do ill in accepting of the Place he offers me? Why I can't tell, replied my Friend, I have have been acquainted with this Priest but a few Days. I know that he is an old Batchelor of Arts of *Calabria*, a Royal Chaplain in this Town, and that he is looked upon as a Man who has some good

good Benefices, and in easy Circumstances, which is all I can inform you of. Though he is an *Italian*, and has a suspicious Countenance, he may be a very honest Man. I think, continued he, you ought to resolve upon this Service without Hesitation; what Risk do you run? If you are not satisfied with him you may leave him; Servants are not Slaves. If their Masters have a Power to turn them away when they have a Mind, they may on their Side leave their Masters when they please. You reason admirably well, says I to Signior *Vanegas*, and I am ready to devote myself to the Service of this Royal Chaplain, having a strong Opinion that he will comfort me in the Loss of my last Master.

The next Day the Chanter conducted me to the Chaplain's House, who received me with an Air of Goodness that charmed me, adding fresh Assurances, that he would take a particular Care to teach me the *Belles Lettres*. *Vanegas*, who had a Love for me, was very much pleased at the good Opinion the Chaplain seemed to entertain of me. He thanked him for it upon his own Account, and went away, persuaded that I should do as well in that Place as with the Licentiate. I thought so too, or rather I found

found my new Master still more worthy of my Affection than the other. If the Dean, said I, was a virtuous Priest, this does not seem to be less so, by his pale mortified Countenance; besides I believe he has more Wit and Learning. In effect, the *Calabrian* had much more, and past half the Day, and sometimes part of the Night in his Library, which was composed of all Sorts of Books. He had been a Monk of some certain Order, a Professor of Philosophy, and was really a very learned Man.

His Family, like that of the Dean's, consisted only of an old House-Keeper, a Cook, and myself; neither was he more expensive than the other, though he had the Reputation of being richer. He did not throw his Money into the Hospital Boxes, but contented himself, when he came out of the Church, with giving a Handful of Maravedis to the Poor at the Gate. But what I could not approve, was the Distribution of his Alms with so much Pomp and Ostentation, that he seemed to do it for sake of Applause; excepting that, one would have taken him for a Saint. He walked very gravely, with his Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and his Face denoted nothing but Mortification.

He

He was very kind to me, according to his Promise. As soon as he had examined me in the *Belles Lettres*, and saw that I had the first Rudiments of them, he expressed the same Satisfaction as if he had been my Father, and told me with an affectionate Air, that he looked upon me as his Pupil. My Lad, continued he in a lively Tone of Voice, you have a happy Disposition; I will take Care and advance you. For it would be cruel to suffer a Man to grow old in a Service, who is born to make a Figure in the World by his Genius.

His fair Promises were attended with several Embraces, to convince me that he spoke from the Fulness of his Heart. I was so affected with this excessive Goodness, that I could not forbear going to communicate my Joy to *Vanegas*; but instead of applauding the faithful Account I gave him of the Marks of Friendship I had received from my new Master, he grew very gloomy and thoughtful. What ails you, says I to him, Methinks you seem sorrowful at my Relation? Do you repent that you have made me happy? What can be the Meaning of such a Change? I am always the same with regard to you, replied the Chanter, and you will never be so happy as I wish you

Why

Why then, replied I, are you so silent and melancholy when I tell you how good the Chaplain is to me? one would imagine it gave you Pain.

My Friend *Vanegas* was afraid to discover his Thoughts to me, and I could not possibly penetrate into them. However I pressed him so hard to explain himself, and to conceal nothing from me, that he resumed his Discourse in this Manner; I know not whether I should rejoice that I procured you the Employ with which you are so well satisfied; alas! I am afraid I have innocently exposed your Youth to the Attempts of a vicious Man. All these Professions of Friendship from the *Calabrian* seem too extraordinary, and consequently ought to be suspected. However, added he, seeming to check himself; perhaps I am alarm'd without Reason, and my Fears may wrong his Virtue. Besides, though you are young, you have Judgment sufficient, as well as a distinguishing Eye, to discover the Hypocrite, if he is one, through his Mask.

The Chanter had no Occasion to say any more; for calling to mind some particular Discourse I had heard while I boarded with *Canizarez*, I returned to my *Italian*, fully prejudiced against him, and more ready to blame his good Ac-

tions than to excuse his bad ones. I was upon my Guard with him, and as he had no favourable Judge in me, prejudiced as I was against him, I interpreted every Thing to his Disadvantage. The obliging Expressions he used increased my Suspicion, and his very Looks, though perhaps innocent and undesigned, seemed criminal to me. As I happened to be one Day with him in his Library, he took a *Virgil*, which he opened; then giving it to me, he said, *Estevanille*, let me see whether you can translate this Eclogue as you ought into *Spanish*. By Accident, or otherwise, it happened to be the very Eclogue that begins with this Verse:

Formosum Pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin.

I had heard it explained at the College, and could even repeat it, so that I found no great Difficulty to translate it into *Spanish*; but while I was making this Version in the most elegant Manner I was capable, the *Calabrian*, to convince me how pleased he was, tapp'd me gently upon the Shoulders, and softly pinched my Ears and Cheeks. This seemed a very serious Affair to me, so that thinking myself in greater Danger perhaps than I really was,

I ran away, and left this old *Corydon* by himself.

C H A P. VIII.

Estevanille sets out for Madrid; of the Adventure he met with by the Way, and the Consequences of it.

I Had so often heard *Madrid* mentioned as one of the Wonders of the World, that I had a Fancy to be satisfied whether what I had been told of it was true. I found myself in a Condition to undertake the Journey in a very agreeable Manner, and to appear in this famous City in a more honourable Character than that of a Lackey; and flattered myself, that a young Fellow, who could write tolerably well, and did not want Wit, would infallibly make his Fortune at Court, either by applying to some great Man, or by the Clerks of the Secretaries of State. In short, being full of the Opinion I had of my own Merit, I bought a little Mule to convey myself to *Madrid* the more genteelly, and set out one Morning before Sun-rising.

I took the Road to *Penaranda*, where I arrived safe before it was dark; but was not so fortunate the next Day.

Upon the Borders of *Old Castile*, I met with two different Roads that puzzled me, and not perceiving any Body who could direct me which I was to take, was forced to leave it to Chance. One of them led to the Town of *Avila*, and the other to *Segovia*. I pitched upon the latter, which proved a Punishment for my Sins, as you will find by the Sequel, being obliged to pass between two Mountains, through a Road capable of terrifying even a Moneyless Traveller. Had I known the Country, I might, by making a Tour, have avoided this dangerous Passage, which none would have attempted but those who were ignorant of the Danger. For, besides a vast Number of Precipices, at certain Distances, I discovered several Openings, which I could not look upon without Horror.

I expected every Moment to see Men come out of these frightful Caverns, armed with Swords, Daggers, or Muskets, and these Phantoms of my troubled Imagination made all my Limbs tremble, being afraid of leaving the Poor's Money, as well as my Life, in this dreadful Place. As I was struck with a just Apprehension of it, I implored the Assistance of Heaven, without considering that I deserved much more to be abandoned than assisted

assisted by it, which indeed I soon was given to understand; for two Men, spewed as it were out of one of these Caverns, appeared on a sudden before my Eyes, and froze the very Blood in my Veins by their frightful Aspect, as well as by the great Cutlashes they wore; besides their horrid Mien, they were half naked, and Fear, which generally magnifies Objects, made them appear to me of a monstrous Size.

These two gigantick Fellows came up and stopp'd the Passage, by presenting themselves before my Mule, and with their Hats in their Hands, asked my Charity in such a Manner, that I had not the Power to refuse it. This humble Action to which they submitted did not in the least diminish their dreadful Appearance. I threw them some Pieces of small Money I had in my Pocket, and which I had been advised at *Penaranda* to supply myself with, that I might not be obliged to shew any Gold upon the Road, for fear of the Inconveniencies that might attend it. But these Beggars were so far from being contented with a small Matter, that they took hold of my Mule's Bridle, declaring that I should not escape at so easy a Rate. Young Gentleman, says one of them, forcing me to quit the Stirrups, and giving me an ugly Fall, we must examine

amine your Pockets, and taking the Trouble to search me all over, they robbed me of above a hundred Pistoles. These Rogues, observing that I was half dead, in order to bring me to my self again, protested they would do me no hurt, upon which I began to recover a little from my Fright.

This Expedition was no sooner ended, but threescore Men and Women at least came out of the same Cavern, some on Foot, others upon Mules or Asses, and all these honest People together composed a most formidable Gang of Gypsies. The Men were dressed in *Spanish* Ruffs and Clothes, in so tattered a Condition, that they did not cover half their Bodies. As for the Women, some of them, who were tolerably well-dressed, were very oddly adorned with Medals, Necklaces, and Bracelets; and others, who had nothing but a Shift on from the Waist upwards, had their Bosoms and Shoulders exposed in such an immodest Manner, as suited admirably well with Persons of their Character. The two Gypsies, who had so dexterously emptied my Pockets, ordered me upon Pain of Death, to go along with them, and join their Companions, who were marching off Two and Two. We left the Mountains three or four hundred
Paces

Paces from thence, to come into a Plain that led us towards a thick Wood, in the Middle of which was a Fountain of very fine Water.

We halted at this Place, which I should have thought very agreeable in better Company. And here these Gentlemen began to spread Plenty of Meat and Bread upon the Grass, as well as Wine, which they carried in Calabashes, like the Pilgrims of *St. James*. I was obliged to eat and drink with them in spite of my Teeth, for the Moment I shewed the least Repugnance to do what they desired, they laid their Hands upon their Sabres, by which means they made me as supple as a Glove. I was even so very tractable as to suffer them to take off my Clothes, which were of a new superfine Cloth, to be dressed in the Habit of a Gypsy; having always some among their Baggage, which they obliged those Persons to wear who had the ill Fortune to meet with them.

The Men and Women, after a Repast of three or four Hours, danced together in a Manner more impudent than graceful; and being all in humour to divert themselves, proposed to pass the Night in this Wood, when two of their Companions, who had straggled from the rest, came and disturbed their Mirth, by acquainting

quainting them that a Troop of Officers of the * *Holy Brotherhood* was just at their Heels. The most timorous among them was not in the least alarmed at this News, and thinking themselves superior to their Enemies, prepared to receive them. One Troop only of the *Holy Brotherhood* would have been too weak to have engaged so many Gypsies, who were most of them brave sturdy Fellows; but the very Moment the latter, who despised so small a Number, marched to attack them, a second Troop of Officers, from another Quarter, poured in upon the Rogues, and fired upon them on both Sides. Then the Gypsies, not daring to face the Enemy, thought only of escaping by a sudden Flight.

I fled with them, not knowing what I did, while I ought rather to have been pleased that I was no longer in their Power. The Officers pursued us so close, that they took the greatest Part of us, and tied us with Cords they had brought for that Purpose; then dividing us into two Gangs, they conducted one to *Segovia*, and the other to *Avila*. I must acquaint

* A Set of Officers in *Spain*, whose Business it is to take up Highwaymen and other disorderly Persons,

my Reader, that the Justices of these two Towns being informed that a numerous Troop of Gypsies committed several Robberies with Impunity in the Country, and even assassinated Travellers, had sent a Company of Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood* after them, who had taken their Measures with so much Precaution, that they met together in the Wood at the same Time.

I was one of the Gang of those Wretches that were carried to *Avila*, where we no sooner arrived, but were clapp'd into dark Dungeons, in Expectation of speedy Justice. The Corregidor, who was an expeditious Judge, came the next Day to examine us in Prison; and, as my Stars would have it, he began with me, and being immediately surprized at my Youth, said, Methinks, young Man, you have undertaken a bad Employ very early. Sir, says I, in a very careless Manner, The Cowl does not make the Monk, and though I appear like a Gypsy, I can assure you, I am not one of their Company. Talk in this Manner to another, replied the Corregidor, and without vouchsafing to hear what I had to say in my Defence, he passed on to the other Prisoners, who were with me in the same Dungeon, and asked them whether they were in Com-

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pany with the Gypsies who had been taken in a Wood by the Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood*. They answered in the Affirmative, imagining that it would signify nothing to deny it. The Judge interrogated them no farther, but ordered the Clerk who accompanied him to write down their Names, as well as mine, and went away, telling us, we should not long languish in Prison, but should know our Sentence in two Hours at farthest.

When I observed this Minister of Justice ready to pronounce my Sentence, I addressed myself to him in these Words, with a loud Voice; Sir, I beg your Worship would please to consider what you do, and not confound the Innocent with the Guilty. I am so far from belonging to these Rogues of Gypsies, that I declare they have robbed me of my Money, Clothes, and Mule, and equipped me in this cursed Dress. The Corregidor paid so little Regard to this fine Piece of Rhetorick, that an Hour after the Clerk came back to the Prison again. Where, says he, entering with a gay Air, is Signior *Eftevanille Gonzalez*? Here he is, said I, imagining that he came to discharge me; What have you to say to him? I have some good News to tell him, replied he,

he, for which I shall ask nothing more of him than the Charges of his Sentence, which is just now past definitively; he is condemned, added this ill-natur'd Joker, to mount a Ladder, and to cut a few Capers in the Air.

The Clerk's bantering Strain, and the merry Expressions he used to acquaint me that I was going to be hanged, made me at first believe him in Jest; but when he had read the Sentence by which myself and the Gypsies were all condemned to this Punishment, I no longer doubted my Misfortune. Then abandoning myself to the utmost Grief, I burst into Tears; the Prison rang with my Groans and Lamentations; and addressing myself to the Gypsies; said I, You wicked Wretches, why don't you save the Life of a Man, whom you know to be innocent? This may be done by declaring to the Corregidor that I am not one of your Company. What Advantage can it be to you that I should suffer with you? By reproaching these Villains in such a Manner, I was in Hopes of moving their Compassion, and oblige them to be Evidence for me; but instead of doing me this Justice, they derided my Fears, and made a Jest of my Person.

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The Clerk, hearing this Discourse, which he seemed little to regard, took me by the Hand, and led me into a Hall, where was a Friar of the Order of *St. Francis*, whose Business it was to confess us. Here, Father, says he to the Monk, begin with this young Man; confess him, and prepare him for the other World. I threw myself at the Cordelier's Feet, imploring his Protection with a loud Voice, and gave him a faithful Account of what had passed between the Gypsies and myself, which the Clerk hearing, he went away without speaking a Word, and left me in the Hall with the Confessor and the Executioner.

Friend, says the Friar to me, if the Adventure you have just now related be true, I judge from thence, that your Iniquities have drawn the Vengeance of Heaven upon you; for divine Justice often employs human Laws in the Punishment of Sinners: So that, far from murmuring at the Sentence by which you are condemned to die, and which you think unjust, you ought to look upon it as a Punishment you have too much deserved; therefore employ well those few Moments you have to live; confess your Sins, and ask Pardon of God for them.

Not-

Notwithstanding all the Cordelier's Representations, I found it very difficult to resign myself to Death. However, the good Man spared no Pains to make me die well. He exhorted me to it in a very pathetick kind Manner, by mixing his own Tears, which he shed for the Good of my Soul, with those the Regret of dying drew from myself. I felt a sincere Repentance of my Faults, arise suddenly in my Soul: I groaned and sighed with Grief, when I called to mind the Robberies I had committed at *Murcia* and *Salamanca*. In fine, I felt that Nature submitted by Degrees to the deep Humiliation with which it was threatned, and found myself sensible that I deserved the ignominious Death prepared for me.

I was now entirely abandoned to my ill Fortune, and ready to be carried to the publick Square to dance in the Air, when the Corregidor entered the Hall, with the Clerk and one of the Gypsies; Father, says he to the Monk, leave that young Man whom you are exhorting to die; the Fright he has been in shall be his only Punishment. All the honest People in whose Company he was taken, swear that he is not one of their Fraternity, though he wears the Habit; and it
would

would be unjust that he should lose his Life for having been found involuntarily among them. But, added he, as the Inhabitants of *Avila* propose to have the Diversion of seeing some of these Rogues executed to Day, there is One I deliver to you in order to answer their Expectations. After the Corregidor had pronounced these Words, he went away, and ordered me to follow him. I obeyed him, and resigned my Place very freely to the Gypsy, who was one of the two Rogues that robbed me. He fell upon his Knees before the Friar, who confessed him, and conducted him to the Place of Execution.

For my own Part, after I had followed the Corregidor into another Chamber, who perceiving that the sudden Change from Grief to Joy had disturbed my Senses, ordered some Wine to be given me, and as soon as he thought I was recovered from my Fright, told me, I was at my Liberty. At the same Time they opened the Gates of the Prison by his Order, from whence I came, without my Money, Clothes, or Mule, which passed out of the Gypsies Hands into those of the Judge.

C H A P. IX.

Of the kind Treatment he met with upon coming out of the Prison of Avila; and of his getting a new Place upon his Arrival at Madrid.

AS soon as I was in the Street, the Habit I wore drew some Shouts from the Multitude after me, which I little regarded, being so well pleased with the Thoughts of my Delivery from the Gypsies and the Corregidor; and that I might return my humble and hearty Thanks to God for it, I went into a Church, and getting into a Corner, began my Prayers. I was still so sensible of the Danger I had escaped, that I prayed very heartily, made a Promise to Heaven to amend my Life, and was so full of Contrition, that I accompanied this Promise with several Blows I gave myself on my Breast.

I thought no Body perceived me, but an old House-Keeper of *Avila*, who was counting his Beads at a small Distance, observed me, and was so edified at my Devotion, that he would needs speak to me. To this Purpose he repaired to the Church Door, where he waited for me, and accosting me as I went out;

Young

Young Man, said he, you seem to be a Stranger to this Place, and if one may judge by Appearance, I believe you are not in the happiest Situation.

At these Words, which made me sigh, I looked upon the old Man with a melancholy Air, and began to cry, without being able to answer him. He was very much moved at the Grief with which he saw I was oppressed, and desiring to know the Cause of it; my Lad, continued he, something disorders you very much; let me know what it is, and open yourself to me without Fear; I have a Love for virtuous People, and believing you are an honest young Man, am concerned for your Welfare.

I recovered my Speech at this Discourse, which seemed to afford me some Relief in my Misery, and said, Sir, since you are so good as to be concerned at my ill Fortune without knowing me, I ought in Gratitude to conceal nothing from you: When I have acquainted you with my Misfortunes, you will allow that I am very much to be pitied. Then I related my Story, at which he was so much moved, that he embraced me, and said, with Tears in his Eyes, that he was sensibly touched at the Trial to which Heaven had put my Virtue. Then
finding

finding I had no other Refuge but an Hospital, the charitable old Man took me home to his House, and kept me there eight Days, in which Time he clothed me. At length, as it had been always my Design to go to *Madrid*, he sent me thither by some Muletiers, with twenty Pistoles, of which he made me a Present, and a Letter of Recommendation to a Goldsmith of his Acquaintance, whose Name was *Lexcano*. This little Supply, for which I did not fail to thank Providence, was a great Consolation to me, and the glorious Sight of that capital City made me entirely forget the Adventure of the Gypsies.

Being arrived at *Madrid*, my first Care was to carry my Letter to the Goldsmith, who, having read it attentively, shewed me a thousand Civilities, and promised to use his Interest for me, but neither offered me his Table, nor a Lodging in his House, which, however, I had great Reason to expect. By good Fortune his Friend had put me in a Condition to live some Time at an Ordinary, and was in hopes that it would not be long before I contracted some useful Acquaintance. I past near a Month in running about this beautiful Town, and viewing all the Curiosities that are admired

mired in it. I likewise took a Pleasure in frequenting the King's Palace, and gazing upon the vast Number of great Men who usually meet at this Place. However, while I was satisfying my Curiosity, I did not neglect visiting *Lezcagno* often, to put him in mind of me, who always received me kindly, and assured me that he did not forget me. Have Patience a little longer, said he, and I will fix you in a Family, where you will be in your proper Element. But the Time past away, and my Money insensibly wasted every Moment. However, instead of being concerned at it, I constantly repeated these Words of the Licentiate *Salablanca*: *Future Wants ought not to give us any Uneasiness*: Therefore I depended too much on Providence to be apprehensive of Futurity, and in effect soon found that it had not abandoned me.

The first Time I saw the Goldsmith; said he, you could not have come in a better Time: I was going to look for you, to acquaint you that I had at length found such a Place as I promised you. To-morrow you will have *Don Henrique de Bolagnos* for your Master; he is a worthy Gentleman, a rich old Batchelor, and a Knight of the Order of
St.

St. James. He is a Sort of Misanthrope, from whence you may suppose him to be a Man of Integrity and Freedom. As you are discreet and sober, you will suit him admirably well. He keeps no Table at home, has but one Servant, to whom he gives a hundred Crowns a Year for his Salary, and six Rials a Day for his Board Wages, and is very generous besides. After a few Years Service, you will find he will reward you so handsomely, that you will have abundance of Reason to be satisfied with his Behaviour.

Upon this Occasion I made proper Acknowledgments to *Lexcano*, who went with me the next Day to *Don Henrique's* Levee. This Gentleman, who was about forty Years of Age, of an extraordinary Mien, and very handsome, lived in a large House, where he had a fine Apartment, admirably furnished. When I appeared before him, he looked attentively at me, and said to my Conductor, This Lad you have brought me has a Physiognomy that agrees very well with the good Character you have given of him; but had it not, added he, I have so great an Opinion of you, that I should not have scrupled to take him into my Service.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Gonzalez gains the Friendship of Don Henrique, who shews him a private Register that he kept in his Library.

DO N Henrique de Bolagnos became my fourth Master. This Gentleman spent the Morning in reading in his Closet, and went out at Noon to Dinner in the Town, from whence he did not return till ten or eleven at Night, so that I had little or nothing to do. All my Business was to brush his Clothes, and keep his Chamber in Order; for he required nothing more of me; so that I pass the whole Afternoon in walking about, making Acquaintance, and diverting myself: My only Care was to be at home before him. Being always in the Way, and ready to wait on him, he was very much pleased with his new Lackey, of which he fully convinced me by his Actions, vouchsafing to converse with me in a familiar Manner, and as I diverted him with my daily Observations in the City, he insensibly took a Fancy to me.

I had observed, that among the Books he usually read, there was a large one which he turned over every Night before he

he went to Bed. He wrote some Lines in it, razed out others, and then shut it, till the next Day at the same Hour. This gave me a great Inclination to know of what this great Book treated, and my Curiosity grew so strong, that not being able to resist it, I took the Liberty to ask *Don Henrique* what that great Volume contained which he read only at Night, and affected to hide in his Library. He smiled at this Question, so far from being offended at the Liberty I took, and answered me in the following Manner: I excuse the Longing you have had to know what this mysterious Book contains, and will condescend to satisfy your Curiosity. It is a Manuscript I composed myself, continued he, and have spent near ten Years about it, for my own private Use.

At these Words he opened his Library, from whence he took the Volume, and giving it me to look upon, said, Here, *Gonzalez*, this is the List of my Friends. Though this Book is so large it contains nothing but their Names, and the Dates of our Friendship. Heavens, cried I, is it possible that you can be so happy as to have so many Friends? But, then added a Moment afterwards, what do I see here! All these Names seem

seem to me to be erased and cancelled: What is the meaning of that? I will tell you, replied he, for I don't wonder at your Surprise: You must know that I wrote down all these Names, when I thought I was beloved by the Persons to whom they belong, and scratched them out when I found I was mistaken.

Is it to be thought, said I, that you can have been imposed on by so many Persons? probably you may have put them to too great a Trial. Not at all, replied he; all these false Friends have thrown off the Mask themselves in the Course of our Acquaintance. One, after having beguiled me with the strongest Demonstrations of Affection, has convinced me afterwards that he had nothing but an outside Shew of it, and that his Soul was not in the least affected. I have discovered that another has sought my Friendship, with no other View than to engage my Interest to procure him an Employ for which he solicited. Another has robbed me of my Mistress's Heart; and another, without being restrained by the Fear of disobliging me, has endeavoured to debauch my Sister. In short, I acknowledge those for my Friends no longer whose Names I have blotted

blotted out, which I had registered upon the Faith of their perfidious Demonstrations of Friendship.

I ran over all the Leaves of the Register with my Eye, and not observing any Name but what was crossed out, except five or six in the two last Pages, I said to my Master, Really, Sir, at first I was very much surprized to see so many Friends upon your Register, and now I am as much surprized to find so few. Perhaps there will be fewer still in a little Time, replied he. Those whose Names are not yet scratched out, may possibly owe their Distinction to nothing else but the Shortness of our Acquaintance. What a Number of Reflections does this furnish me with, said I! I am almost ready to believe that there is nothing else but false Friends in the World. There are true ones to be found, replied he, but they are very scarce, and a thousand People boast now-a-days of the Number of their Friends, who have not so much as one. I had put all my Relations upon the Register, looking upon them as my chief Friends. Would you believe that I have been forced to blot them all out? My Father is the only one that has been true to me, notwithstanding

standing all the Vexation I have given him.

Three or four Days after this Conversation, my Master being returned from the Town in the Evening, said to me; *Gonzalez*, bring me the List of my Friends, I have two Erazements to make, and intend to scratch out an Auditor of the Council of *Castile*, and a Knight of *Alcantara*; but first I should be glad to consult you about it. These two Gentlemen were the Day before Yesterday in a Company, where some People railed against me. The Auditor heard them without saying a Word in my Behalf, and the Knight applauded them. What do you think of these Friends? I think, Sir, said I, that the Auditor ought to be scratched out, and the Chevalier to be drowned. I am of your Opinion, says *Don Henrique*, and have no Reason to fear being thought too nice in my Acquaintance by striking them out of my Catalogue.

I am not acquainted, said I, with the Persons whose Names are not crazed, but much fear they will be sooner or later, for in four or five hundred Pages, there is not one but has been so. You are mistaken, says the Chevalier, you have not examined the Leaves of the Register carefully, there are three Names

in the third Page that never were erased, and probably never will. The first is that of an old Batchelor, whom I have known almost these thirty Years; I was his School-fellow, and we keep no Secrets from each other; his Interest is mine, and my Business is his; I am Master of his Purse, and as to his Part all my Fortune is at his Disposal. In a Word, we live in so strict a Friendship together, that even the Custom of seeing each other every Day does not diminish the Strength of it. The second Name is that of a *German* Officer, who was my Second in a Duel, and has exposed his Life more than once to serve me; and the Third is that of a very worthy Man, to whom I have owed Money a long Time, and he never asks me for it. As I was looking at the Names of these three true Friends, I thought I had observed another, which was not effaced, but my Master made me observe that there was a Scratch on it, which his Pen had not marked so plainly as the others. Sir, says I, pray tell me why that Name is but half scratched out, there is some Mystery in it. That Man perhaps appears to you to be one whose Friendship you have Cause to suspect, and the Uncertainty you are in of his

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real Sentiments, is the Reason that you dare not scratch him out or put him in?

No, no, says my Master, I know what to do with him. He is an old *Galician* Licentiate, who left his Native Country in his Youth, where he would never have been a Prophet, to seek his Fortune at *Madrid*. I knew him when he was almost starving; we were intimate Friends at that Time, and the sweetest Moments we enjoy'd were those we passed together. But, continued *Don Henrique*, for some Years past he has taken so much Pains to enrich himself at Court, that he is at present very wealthy. He avoids all those who knew him before his Prosperity, and in all Appearance we shall see each other no more. What a deplorable Effect is this of the Riches of this World! and with what Reason does the Philosopher say, that if we would preserve our Friends, we ought every Day to pray that they may not become rich.

C H A P. XI.

Gonzalez *changes his Master again, and is Page to the Duke d'Osuna.*

I Plainly foresaw, that the Names which were not erased upon our Book, would infallibly be so, which happened accordingly in a Month's Time. I have done with the Register, said *Don Henrique*, I will keep no more for the future, for I do nothing but write and scratch out to no Manner of Purpose. You are in the right, Sir, said I, and advise you at present to try your Mistresses, to see whether you will find them more faithful than your Friends. Faith, said he, laughing out aloud, I shall not get much by that. Hark you, my Lad, if you knew the Ladies as well as I do, you would not have advised me to make such a Trial. Why, said I, laughing in my Turn, do you imagine that I am ignorant how little Stress ought to be laid upon the Friendship of the fair Sex? No, no, as young as I am, I know it too well. That Knowledge has cost me some Pistoles indeed, but then it is seldom acquired for nothing.

My Master was surprized to hear me talk in this Manner, and interrupting me,

said, Methinks *Eftevanille*, you seem to be a forward Youth, prithee tell me how you came by this Knowledge. Upon this I immediately related to him the History of *Bernardina*, with which he was highly diverted. Then resuming his serious Countenance, he advised me carefully to avoid all Occasions of making amorous Engagements. For my own Part, added he, I have been a Devotee to Love, and have not escaped so well as yourself; but am so much upon my Guard at present, that I can look upon the most dangerous Beauties with safety, which is a Proof that we become Slaves to the Ladies only when we please.

Though the Chevalier was persuaded that those Persons who expressed a Friendship for him were not his real Friends, yet he lived with them as if they had been so; he took a Dinner with them, and sometimes gave them a Supper at his own House. Among those who came ofttest was one *Don Joseph Quivilla*, a worthy young Fellow, and Gentleman to the Duke d'Ossuna. This *Quivilla* took a Pleasure in addressing his Discourse to me, that he might oblige me to talk, and I answered him the more readily, because my Master, instead of taking it ill, encouraged me in any

any Discourse that tended to the Diversion of the Company.

One Evening in particular, I had a few Flights of Wit, with which my Master's Guests were so well pleased, that they began to commend me. Every Body praised me, but especially *Quirillo*, who could not forbear saying that I was worth presenting to the Duke d'*Offuna*; adding farther, that this Lord, who loved People that are merry, would be extreamly pleased to have a young Man of *Estevanille's* Character in the Number of his Pages.

Don Henrique de Bolagnos took up the Discourse, and said to *Don Joseph*; Notwithstanding my Affection for *Gonzalez*, I consent to be deprived of him for the sake of his being the Duke d'*Offuna's* Page. If so, replied *Quirillo*, let *Estevanille* come to me To-morrow Morning, at the Duke's Levee, and I will undertake the rest. Though I was heartily glad to be a Nobleman's Page, I was artful enough to conceal my Joy, and even affected so great an Indifference in the Affair, that *Don Henrique* asked me, whether I had any Aversion to the Place that was proposed. I answered him coolly, that I had not; but that being so much devoted to himself as I was, I could not

leave him without Concern. The whole Company applauded my Answer, which made me pass in their Opinion for a good-tempered Lad. My Master was deceived by it as well as the rest, and replied to me, *Gonzalez*, I should think I made an ill use of your Zeal, if I prevented your going into the Duke's Service: That Lord will infallibly make your Fortune. I am not yet with him, Sir, said I, interrupting him, who knows what may happen? Perhaps I may not have the good Fortune to please him; and indeed this was all I apprehended, being afraid that I should not be alert enough to be one of his Pages, notwithstanding my brisk and wanton Air.

I repaired accordingly the next Morning to the Duke *d'Ossuna's* Palace, where I met *Quirillo*, who waited for me with Impatience to tell me the good News: *Gonzalez*, said he, you now belong to this Family; upon my Description of you to my Lord, he receives you into the Number of his Pages, and has ordered me to dress you as soon as possible in his Livery. And then conducted me to the Steward, who immediately sent for a Taylor to take Measure of me; so that in two Days Time I was in a Condition to appear before his Grace, whose first Question

Question to me was, Honest Friend, do you think you can make a good Page? Why not, my Lord, said I, I made a good Footman, and believe one is not more difficult than the other. You are in the right, said he, with a Smile, and then turning himself to *Quivillo*, he said, I have a good Opinion of this Lad, and believe he will make an excellent Page.

Two or three *Sicilian* Lords came into the Room at that Instant, which was the Reason I had no farther Conversation with my Master. So I left him with them, and went to join my new Comrades.

CHAP. XII.

The Duke d'Offuna is appointed Viceroy of Sicily; he leaves Madrid to go and embark at Barcelona, from whence he repairs to Genoa, and from thence to Naples.

THE Duke *d'Offuna* had not been long returned from *Flanders*, where he had done considerable Service to the State; he was just created Lord of the Bedchamber, and one of the four Councillors in the Council of *Portugal*; but these two Posts did not satisfy his

Ambition. He lay in wait for the Government of *Sicily*, which was upon the Point of being vacant, the Duke *de Thaurisano's* Time, who was then Governor, being almost expired.

The Duke *d'Ossuna* aspired at this Government for two Reasons: First, that he might have an Opportunity of forming some grand Enterprize against the *Turks*; and secondly, because the Government of *Naples* was generally given to the Viceroy of *Sicily* upon his leaving that Government. He obtained his Desire; the Duke *d'Uzeda* his Friend, and Favourite to *Philip* the Third, got him preferred before all his Competitors, and procured him that Post, which was certainly more proper for him than any other they could have chosen. This Lord, upon his Remonstrances to the Council, had Leave always to keep a small Fleet in the Ports of *Sicily*, well manned, to give Chace to the *Turks*; and he was to employ a Part of the Revenue of that Island for that Purpose. They even doubled his Salary, that he might be in a better Condition to execute his Designs.

When he had received his Commission, appointing him Viceroy, he immediately began to make Preparations for his Departure

parture, which being over, he took the Road to *Barcelona*, with Prince *Philibert* of *Savoy*, who was lately created General of the maritime Forces in *Spain*, and who had Orders to embark along with him. But as they could not both pursue the same Road with all their Attendants without Inconveniency, Inns being very thin upon the Road, and Provisions very scarce, they divided their Retinue into two Bodies. The Prince, the Duke, and the Duchess his Spouse, and *Don Juan Telles Giron* their Son, accompanied by twenty-five Domesticks only, repaired to *Barcelona*, while the rest of their Servants, with the Baggage, arrived at a Port near *Alicant*, and embarked to join them.

I was among those who did not accompany the Duke, and had a great Share of the Fright occasioned us by a cursed Corsair of *Barbary*, who met us going out of the Gulph of *Alicant*. We were resolved to defend ourselves, though he was the strongest; but after a Quarter of an Hour's Engagement, he made himself Master of our Vessel, and loaded us with Chains. What a Misfortune was this to People who were going in a Sort of Triumph to *Barcelona*, and were in Expectation of making their Fortunes in *Sicily*. All the fine Hopes we had conceived were vanished. The Barbarians

were carrying us into Slavery to their own Country, insulting our Sorrow, and laughing at our Disappointments, when they fell into the Hands of *Don Antonio de Terracuso* off of *Cartagena*, who was bringing ten *Spanish* Gallies from *Cadix* to *Barcelona*, for the Embarkation of the Prince and the new Viceroy. Our Vessel was retaken, with all our Effects on board, and the victorious *Terracuso* conducted us to *Barcelona*, with two Gallies taken from the Pirate, laden with Slaves and Booty.

We staid but few Days at *Barcelona*, and embarked for *Genoa*, where we no sooner arrived, but Prince *Philibert* left us, to go and see his Father the Duke of *Savoy* at *Turin*, where he expected him. All the Nobility of *Genoa*, having any Estates in *Sicily*, paid the Duke extraordinary Honours, who received considerable Presents both from the Senate and the Merchants, trading with the *Sicilians*. While we were at *Genoa*, the Count de *Lemos*, who was at that Time Viceroy of *Naples*, sent two of his Gentlemen to the Duke d'*Ossuna*, to pray him, in his Name, to pass by *Naples*, to enjoy the Pleasures of that fine City for a few Days, and to confer together upon the common Interest of the two Kingdoms. My Master, who desired nothing better, accepted of the Offer. We put to Sea,
and

and coasting along the Ecclesiastical State happily arrived at *Naples*.

The Count *de Lemos* gave the Duke, and the Duchess his Relation, a most magnificent Reception, ordered them an Apartment in the Royal Palace, and entertained them daily with some fresh Diversion; so that our Stay at *Naples* was nothing but a continual Succession of Feasts, Balls, and Concerts. The Nobility and the People seconding the Count's Intention, spared no Expence to express their Satisfaction at his Presence, though they ought still to have remembered the Severity of *Don Pedro Giron's* Government, who was his Grandfather, and formerly their Viceroy.

As much as my Master appeared to be taken up with Diversions, he did not forget to procure some secret Conferences with the Count *de Lemos*, from whence he gained such Lights as proved very useful to him afterwards. At length being obliged to leave *Naples*, the Count ordered his Gallies to convoy us from that Kingdom to *Palermo*, those of *Sicily* being at that Time employed in carrying over the Duke *de Thaurisano*, who was upon his Return to *Spain*, having embarked without waiting for his Successor's Arrival.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

T H E

The Comical

HISTORY

OF

Estevanille Gonzalez,

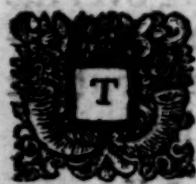
Surnamed

THE MERRY FELLOW.

BOOK II.

CHAP I.

*Of the Duke d'Offuna's Arrival in Sicily,
his Entry into Palermo, and of the first
Fruits of his Government.*



THE Duke d'Offuna being arrived at Palermo, and willing to make his Entry with less Pomp than Expedition, remained but three Days incognito. On the

the Fourth he mounted a very fine Horse, and entered at the Sea-Gate, having on his Right Hand the President of the grand Court, and *Don Juan Telles* his Son on his Left, accompanied by a vast Number of People on Horseback richly dressed; who were preceded by an infinite Number of Guards and several Magistrates, followed by Pages and Footmen, who dazzled the Eyes of the Spectators, by the Lustre of a rich and splendid Livery, which he had ordered to be made at *Genoa*. After him came the Vice-Queen, who sat on the back Seat of a fine Coach, drawn by six Horses, upon the fore Seat of which were, the Princesses *de Butera* and *de Castel-buono*. Next came a Train of Coaches filled with the principal Ladies of the City, several Gentlemen, on Horseback, riding by the Sides of the Coaches.

All the Houses were adorned with Tapistry, Foliage, and Pictures, the Windows with rich Carpets, and there was so vast a Concourse of People in the Streets, that all the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of *Sicily* seemed to be assembled at *Palermo* to honour the Entry of their new Viceroy. His Excellency ordered fifteen hundred Crowns to be thrown among the People during the Procession.

And

And he had the Pleasure, for his Money, of hearing the universal Acclamation of, *Long live his most Catholick Majesty, and the Duke d'Ossuna our Governor.* These Acclamations were succeeded by Rojoicings, and nothing but Balls, Entertainments, and Concerts were seen for three Days. But the Duke soon let the *Sicilians* know, that he was not come into their Island to promote Diversions and Pleasures, and that he meditated some important Designs.

This Kingdom really stood in need of a Viceroy like himself, for at that Time an immoderate Liberty reigned in *Sicily*, every one lived according to his own Fancy, without fearing the Laws of God or Man. The Magistrates, who were charged with the Punishment of the Guilty, neglected their Duty in such a Manner, that Malefactors committed all Sorts of Crimes with Impunity. Nothing was heard of but Robberies and Assassinations, according to the Custom of the Country. The new Viceroy, to stop the Current of these Disorders, and to establish Peace in Civil Society, ordered a Proclamation to be fixed up at the Corners of the Streets, importing in Substance, That his Catholick Majesty being informed of the Outrages committed in his Kingdom of *Sicily*,

in Defiance of the Laws, was resolved to put a Stop to them, and to that End ordered, for the Future, that no holy Places should serve as an Asylum to Malefactors, who fled thither for Refuge, after having committed Actions generally worthy of Death. That by taking this Privilege from the Churches, his Majesty had the more Reason to expect, that the Barons and others of the Nobility, who encouraged Malefactors, would forbear granting them their Protection, and especially concealing them in their Houses, to screen them from the Severity of Justice. Lastly, that his Catholick Majesty aforesaid, had given special Power to *Don Pedro Giron*, Duke d'*Ossuna*, Viceroy and Captain-General of *Sicily*, to examine and revise all Affairs, both Civil and Criminal, adjudged or not under the two former Governments.

I ought not to forget to tell you, that it was further declared by this Edict, that all those, who should discover to the Viceroy any Crimes unknown, or which could not be proved, though the Authors were very well known, might be assured that their Names would be kept secret, and that they should be rewarded at the Expence of the Person convicted, or out of the King's Revenue, if the Con-
vict

was insolvent. That if, on the Contrary, Information was given against any One who refused to reveal a Crime, of which he had any Knowledge, he should be severely punished: That whoever would give Information of any Injustice committed by Judges or Governors of Cities, should be doubly rewarded. The wearing of short Weapons was also prohibited, as Daggers, Pocket-Pistols, two edged Kinves; and the Edict concluded with an Exhortation to the Guilty, to surrender themselves Prisoners, and to merit a Pardon offered them, or at least a Diminution of the Punishment inflicted by the Laws, by a Confession of their Crimes. A certain Time was allowed them to surrender themselves in, after the Expiration of which, they threatned to proceed against those who did not obey with the utmost Rigour, and to use all Endeavours for the Seisure of their Persons.

This Declaration made a great Noise at *Palermo*, as well as in all the Cities of the Kingdom where it was sent. Good Men rejoiced at it: Criminals only, and the Nobility who concealed them in their Houses, were troubled at it. The Duke, who judged rightly, that the Criminals would not quit their Places of Refuge, to deliver themselves up to Justice, gave such effectual

effectual Orders to dislodge them, and draw them from the Places where they had taken shelter, that in three Months Time all the Prisons in the Kingdom were filled. Thinking he ought to shew his Severity the first Year of his Government, he resolved to begin vigorously, so that he beheaded two Noblemen by Law, for giving Refuge to Ruffians, hanged seven Thieves, and condemned twelve to the Gallies, without mentioning many more who suffered slighter Punishment. These Executions, which were performed in one Day at *Palermo*, where for the three or four preceeding Years hardly so many had been seen, struck a Terror into the other Cities, and made the Duke *d'Osuna* looked upon as a Viceroy sent from Heaven for the Happiness of the *Sicilians*.

This Lord, immediately after these Executions, which was so strong an Instance of his Resolution, quitted *Palermo* to view the Fortifications of the Kingdom, and to try those Criminals who were seized by his Orders. He began by the small City of *Mont-Real*; from thence he went to *Cesalu*, where finding the Castle unprovided with Necessaries for it's Defence, he put the Governor under Arrest, as likewise that of *Catania*, and turned them both

both out for neglecting to ask the preceding Viceroy for Ammunition. He used the Governor of the Castle of *Patti* in quite another Manner, and increased his Salary, as a Recompence for his Care in keeping the Citadel well provided. His principal View being to provide for the Security of the Maritime Fortresses which were most exposed, he fortified them all, to prevent giving the *Turks* an Inclination to make a Descent. *Messina* was the Place where he staid longest, and here he caused a great Number of Prisoners to be executed. The *Sicilians* perceiving that he was wholly employed in making Powder, Balls, and other warlike Ammunition, to fill the Magazines and Arsenals which were in need of it, found that his Thoughts were bent upon some Project of importance, and were further persuaded of it when they observed that he ordered several new Galleons and Galleys to be made at a very great Expence. They imagined that he not only proposed to render *Sicily* inaccessible to the *Turks*; but even to pay the Barbarians a Visit in their own Ports, and make them dread the Arms of King *Philip*.

At length the Duke finished his Progress by *Siracusa*, where he emptied the Prisons of the Malefactors, and then returned

turned to *Palermo*, where he was received by the Inhabitants with greater Acclamations than at his Arrival, the People being at a Loss what Honours to pay him to express their Satisfaction at his Government. They had indeed Reason to do so, since in less than six Months he punished the Wicked, established the Authority of the Courts of Justice, and the Tranquility of the Kingdom. After the Viceroy had establish'd good Order within the Island, he employ'd all his Thoughts against the *Turks*, who making a Descent upon it in the mean time, often carried away the Inhabitants, burnt several Villages, and made a terrible Ravage upon the Sea Coasts. He ordered the Commander of the *Sicilian* Gallies, Don *Ottavio d'Arragon*, to fit out six Gallies and two Galleons; and while they were employ'd in this, he made a Proposal to the Grand Duke to come and join his Gallies with those of *Sicily*. The Duke sent him word that he would fit a Squadron out at a certain Time upon an Expedition towards *Caramania*, that the Duke *d'Offuna* might regulate himself accordingly, and take such Measures that the *Sicilian* Gallies might act on their Side, and attack the common Enemy at the same Time.

The

The Viceroy was very well satisfied with that Prince's Answer, and made all Preparations answerable for an Armament so uncommon in a Country where they had rather cowardly bear the Insults of the *Turks*, than think of defending themselves against them. These Vessels, which had a great Number of the Nobility on board, were ready to leave the River, under the Command of Don *Octavio*, when they receiv'd Advice that those of the Grand Duke, under the Command of his Admiral, had left the Port of *Leghorn*. These two Squadrons, endeavouring to engage the *Turks*, as it were out of Emulation, steer'd a different Way, and acted separately with equal Success. The *Tuscan* Admiral went to besiege the Castle of *Agrimono*, which he carried by Storm, though there was a large Garison in it, and let it on Fire after he had made a considerable Booty. On the other Side, Don *Octavio d'Arragon* surpris'd twelve *Turkish* Gallies in the Port of *Scio*, and several other Vessels, which surrender'd without Resistance, and were plunder'd. When this victorious Commander came to *Palermo*, all Honours imaginable were paid him by the Viceroy's Order, who would have the Plunder taken from the *Turks* exposed to publick

lick View. The Booty was valued at six hundred thousand Crowns; and what was the most agreeable Sight to the *Sicilians*, was, to see above seven hundred Christian Slaves deliver'd from Slavery, and above three thousand *Turks* who were made Prisoners.

The Viceroy dispos'd of the Effects in this Manner: He divided it into four Parts; one to send to the Court of *Spain*, another to be distributed to the five principal Cities in *Sicily*, a third as a Reward to the Soldiers and Seamen of the Squadron, and the fourth he kept for himself, which was not the least; but it is undoubtedly true, that he employed a great Part of it in Alms, and other good Works, which gain'd him an universal Applause.

But I must check myself a little, for I find that I encroach upon the Historian's Province. It will be said that I have undertaken to write all the Transactions of *Sicily* under the Government of the Duke d'*Offana*; when my only Intention was to write my own History: Therefore leaving the Publication of this Hero's Exploits to better Writers than myself, I shall speak of him no more, except in such Affairs as I had some Share in myself; for I must not forget that I promis'd to entertain you with my own Adventures.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Of the useful Acquaintance Estevanille made, and by what lucky Accident he became necessary to the Viceroy.

TH O' I had the Honour of being one of the Gentlemen Pages to the Viceroy, I was not the richer for it. The Post I was in is not so profitable in great Houses as that of Steward or Intendant. I and my Companions lived well, and were maintain'd perfectly well; but we had not a Penny in our Pockets. My Master's Charity to the *Turks* did not pass thro' our Hands; People of greater Distinction than ourselves had a Share in that Booty.

This made me regret the Loss of my Dean, and even of Don *Henrique de Bolagnos*. The hundred Crowns a Year which the latter gave me, with six Rials a Day Board Wages, seem'd to me preferable to the empty Honour of being in the Service of a great Man. This was what I complain'd of one Day to Signior *Quirillo*, who was more lucky than myself, and had made his Fortune on a sudden, being advanced from Valet de Chambre to the Viceroy, to be Lieutenant of

of the Guards. Signior Don *Joseph*, said I to him, you thought to make my Fortune by introducing me to his Excellency, and I ought to pay you the same Acknowledgment as if he had heap'd the greatest Favours upon me ; but between you and I, are you not surpriz'd at one Thing? Since I have been my Lord's Page, he has not once condescended to honour me with his Company in private, notwithstanding you extolled the Gaiety of my Temper so much, and are sensible that nothing is more pleasing to him than a lively Turn of Conversation.

I am not less surprized than yourself at what you tell me, answer'd *Quirillo*. I have often thought of it, and even with Sorrow ; for I would not have you imagine that I can be satisfied when you are not. I was the Occasion of your leaving a good Place, and ought to interest myself in what concerns you. In reality, I am as much taken up with your Affairs as my own ; and to convince you of it, added he, I have a Project in my Head of very great Importance to you, and which will infallibly succeed. I am intimately acquainted with Signior *Thomas*, first Valet de Chambre to his Excellency, to whom I am obliged for my Lieutenancy. You are sensible that Servant is his Master's Favourite,

Favourite, and the Depositary of his Secrets; it is to him that the Duke discovers his Foibles; it is Signior *Thomas* that governs him.

I will spare no Pains, continued he, to bring you into this Valet de Chambre's Favour, whose Friendship will be very serviceable to you. It is in his Power to speak well of you to his Excellency, to give him a good Opinion of you, and to procure you an Opportunity of speaking to him frequently. This is my Scheme, which I assure you shall soon be put in Execution, and in a Week's Time at most I expect to hear that you are in Signior *Thomas*'s Favour. Don *Joseph* was so sure of gaining his Point, that he only wanted a private Conversation with the Valet de Chambre to engage him to serve me. Signior *Thomas* was a Man of Merit, in a manner born in the *Giron*'s Family, and after having served the two late Dukes of *Osuna* successively, he brought up our Viceroy, and obtained his Favour by complying with his Humour and Inclinations.

For this Reason, I applied myself closely to this favourite Domestick, and made my Court to him in such a Manner that he conceiv'd a real Affection for me in a short Time. He pretended to write *Spanish* with the greatest Elegancy and Purity,

and took a Pleasure in reading his Performances to his Friends.

I believe he would, like *Druso* in *Horace*, willingly give a longer Time to his Debtors, provided they would have the Complaisance to hear his Writings. As soon as I perceiv'd he had that Phrenzy so common to Authors, I did not fail pressing him to read a Part of his Journal to me; for he had made one of his Master's Campaigns in *Flanders*, and of his Stay at the Archduke's Court, and at the same Time kept a Journal of all that passed in *Sicily*. I found Signior *Thomas* to be a very tedious Author, and tho' he wrote well, he made me such long Lectures sometimes, that he quite tir'd my Patience. However, I expressed a very great Satisfaction at what he read, and even imitated *Druso's* Debtors, by stretching out my Neck to hear the better.

The Journalist, charm'd with my Complaisance, chose me for his Confident. *Estenaville*, said he to me one Day, you may have have observed before this Time that I had an Esteem for you: Henceforth I shall espouse your Interest, and be the Pilot of your small Fortune. Leave me the Care of making you necessary to his Excellency, and depend upon my embracing the first Opportunity that offers to advance you. I carried this News in haste to Don *Joseph*, who was very much overjoy'd at it, and

G

said

said, Thank God the Face of your Affairs is chang'd, and I shall be no longer uneasy. Signior *Thomas* can do any thing, and you have Room to entertain the strongest Hopes.

Quirillo had very good Reason to congratulate me upon obtaining his Friendship, and was soon convinced that I was not to blame in my Dependance upon this new Friend, who being attacked with the Gout, and obliged to keep his Room, sent for me one Day, and said, Hark you, *Gonzalez*, I promis'd to embrace the first Opportunity I met with to serve you, and one offers at present which I will not let slip. The Affair is this; listen attentively to what I am going to say; your own Interest is deeply engag'd in it. Our Master the Viceroy, notwithstanding his Gravity, has no Aversion to Love; and tho' he endeavours to make the Vice-Queen believe that she has no Rival, he is seldom without a Mistress. At present he is in Love with the Baroness *de Consa*, who is not yet 18 Years of Age, and without Dispute may pass for the greatest Beauty in *Sicily*.

This young Lady has lately lost her Husband, whose least Fault was to be fifty Years old; he was so jealous, capricious, and whimsical, as to lock up his Lady, and use her like a Slave. At present she lives with her Mother, where the Duke often pays her a Visit, but with so much Secrecy, that

that her Mother is ignorant of it. I accompany my Lord in these amorous and nocturnal Visits, which it is improper he should make without Company; and as it is impossible I should attend him in my present Condition, I have substituted you in my Room. I have mention'd, and answer'd for you to his Excellency, who consents that you should supply my Place, till I am able to undertake it myself.

Here I interrupted Signior *Thomas*, to return him Thanks for the Preference he gave me to so many Servants, who would gladly have been honour'd with such an Employ, and then was willing to be inform'd how I should proceed in order to acquit myself well. I shall take care to give you Instructions, said he; I would have you begin by presenting yourself to my Lord from me; ask him whether he has any Commands for you, and then return to receive my Instructions.

C H A P. III.

Of Estevanille's private Conference with the Duke, and in what Manner he acted Signior Thomas's Part.

I Did not lose a Moment, but ran immediately to my Master, who was alone in his Closet. I enter'd boldly, being persuaded that a Person recommended to him

by his faithful *Thomas* cou'd not fail of a favourable Reception; and indeed my Lord no sooner saw me, but he said with a chearful Air, *Estevanille*, come hither; I find *Thomas* has fixed upon you, my Lad, to supply his Place: This is Recommendation sufficient, and a certain Sign of your Understanding; for he is a good Judge of Mankind.

I answer'd him, My Lord, he might have made a better Choice; but what may comfort your Excellency is, that he may perhaps be able to do his Duty in less than a Week's Time. If he was in a Condition To-morrow, replied the Duke, since he has appointed you my Confident, you shall continue so; for the poor Man begins to grow old and infirm, and wants an Assistant. Give me leave, my Lord, to add, said I, that a Person loaded with the Weight of a troublesome Government, as your Excellency is, may very well employ two Persons to amuse you after your Fatigues. The Viceroy, so far from being offended at my Freedom, took the Jest in good part, and replied, that he design'd to employ us both. Then, on purpose to hear me talk, or to judge better of my Understanding, he ask'd me what Masters I had served. I immediately inform'd him, in obedience to his Commands; and tho' People never speak worse than when they endeavour to exert them-

themselves, I had the good Fortune to give him a Description of my Adventures with a Liveliness that pleased him ; and he express'd his Satisfaction afterwards by saying, You shall accompany me to Night ; return to *Thomas*, and tell him to keep the two Friars Habits in Readiness.

I return'd to the Valet de Chambre, who; upon the Report I made to him of my Conference with the Duke, judg'd that I had pleased his Excellency. This is very well, said he ; my Lord is satisfied with your Wit ; your Fortune is made, and I rejoice at it as much as yourself. Now I must tell you what you are to do ; you must be here this Evening after the Viceroy has supp'd ; he will be here himself to put on a Friar's Habit, in which Disguise he is used to go to the Baronness. You must disguise yourself in the same Manner to go out of the Palace with him, and take care to bring him back before Day. I have no farther Instructions to give you, and pursuing his Discourse, said, you see there is nothing more required of you upon this Occasion than the Art of serving as a Companion to a Monk.

I was as punctual as the Duke in going to Signior *Thomas* after Supper ; here we took the Habit without Ceremony, and being so equipp'd that we might pass for Monks going in the Night to confess the Sick, we went out of the Palace by a little

Door, of which no Body but my Lord had the Key. His Excellency soon convinced me that he knew the Way to the Widow's House, where we presently arriv'd. They receiv'd us in the Dark, and as privately as if we had enter'd the House of a young Maid, who was weary of being so, and therefore receiv'd her Lover unknown to the Family. Tho' the Baronness, who was naturally a Coquet, and very ambitious, valued herself upon her Conquest of the Viceroy, she was unwilling however that it should be made publick; but this was more for the sake of her own Reputation than for fear of the Vice-Queen's Resentment.

Tho' Signior Thomas had given me an extraordinary Description of the Baronness *de Confa*, I found her far beyond the Idea I had form'd of her, having never seen so beautiful a Lady before. Indeed she was so richly dress'd, that Art contributed as much as Nature to the Pleasure I took in admiring her. But notwithstanding the Splendor of her Beauty and Dress, she was not the only Object of my Admiration, being a Sister with *Dona Blanca Sorbo* her Mother, who, tho' she was above Thirty, might justly stand in Competition with her Daughter. *Blanca* was the Widow of the Accomptant-General of the Royal Patrimony, and lived with the Baronness at *Palermo*, in a grand Manner. I

I thought my only Business at these Ladies House was to be as silent as a young Monk who accompanies his Senior in a Visit. I expected only to act one Character, and was oblig'd to act two. While the Duke entertain'd himself in one Room with the Baronness, *Blanca* made me go into a Closet, telling me she wanted to make an Acquaintance with me. She was a Woman far more lively and witty than Signora *Dalsa*, and of a finer Behaviour. She placed herself upon a Couch, and made me sit down by her; and our Conversation would have been comical enough, if the Lady had not spoke better *Castilian* than I did *Italian*, we should not have understood each other, but by good Fortune *Blanca* talk'd *Spanish* indifferently well. She began by taking Compassion upon the unfortunate *Thomas*, who was afflicted with the Gout, and seem'd to be as sensible of the Pains he endur'd, as if she had been the Cause of them. At length changing both her Tone of Voice and Discourse, she said to me with a cheerful Countenance, My pretty Lad, make me your Confident. How many Conquests have you made since you have been at *Palermo*. Madam, said I, with the greatest Modesty, you jest with me; I believe the *Sicilian* Ladies have too good a Taste to cast their Eyes upon a Subject so little worthy their Attention.

You ought to have a better Opinion of yourself, replied the Baronness's Mother; you are well shaped, as appears thro' your Disguise, and of that Age which renders Men agreeable to the Ladies. Perhaps you have already charmed some lovely *Sicilian* without knowing it, whose Modesty prevents her making a Declaration of it. Suppose it was so, said I, smiling, I hope the Lady will pardon me, if I make an ungrateful Return to the Favours she is not pleased to declare. Oh! you will soon know it, says *Blanca*, she will be weary of constraining herself, will acquaint you with your Conquest, and it will depend upon you alone to improve it.

The Baronness's Mother expressed herself in such a Manner that I plainly perceived she was pleased with my Youth, and that it depended entirely upon myself to act the same Part with her as my Master acted with her Daughter. I clearly perceived it, notwithstanding my little Experience, and found myself tempted to carry on the Matter, but my Courage failed me, and the Lady not daring to offer me fairer Play that Night, referr'd it to another Opportunity.

The delightful Moments which my Lord and the young Widow passed together slipt away in the mean Time, and Day-Break drew near, when I went to
acquaint

acquaint his Excellency that it was Time to retire. The two Lovers parted not without Reluctance, tho' they ought to have been satisfied with the Pleasures of the Night. When I took Leave of *Blanca*, I kissed one of her lovely Hands, to repair the Affront offered her Charms by my Bashfulness, and then going quietly from the Widow's, we returned to the Palace.

CHAP. IV.

The Conversation between Estevanille and Thomas the next Morning: Of the Duke D'Ossuna's extraordinary Decree, and the fatal Consequences of that Decree to Gonzalez.

WE went immediately into *Thomas's* Room, to strip ourselves of our Habits, after which the Duke retired into his Apartment to repose himself. For my part, I went into my Room with the same Design, though I had not so much Occasion for Repose as his Excellency.

My first Care the next Day was to repair to my Friend *Thomas*, who appear'd very impatient at my Arrival, to know what passed the Night before at the Ladies. He asked me the Particulars, and I gave him an Account of every Circum-

stance, being under too many Obligations to him to be silent; and besides, I was naturally otherwise. As he happened to be particularly curious to know in what manner *Blanca* received me, I frankly told him the whole Conference we had together, and expatiated much more upon it than I should have done, had I known how particularly he was concerned. I even added some gay Flourishes of my own, imagining I should not have done Justice to my own Merit, if I kept strictly to the Truth.

I was at this Time ignorant that *Thomas* was in love with this Lady; and you may judge from thence of the Pleasure he had to hear me. Every Term I employ'd to express the Marks of Tenderneſs I had received from her, were as many Stabs with a Poignard to that poor Man. As he listened to my Discourse, he sometimes made strange Grimaces, which I naturally attributed to the Gout, though it was the pure Effects of his Jealousy; but the more he suffer'd by the Recital, the more he seem'd satisfied with it. I congratulate you, *Gonzalez*, said he, forcing a Laugh, I congratulate you upon having inspired so charming a Lady with Love. Though *Blanca* is a little superannuated, she is very amiable, and I am glad you have pleas'd her Taste: I would advise you not

to be fearful when you see her again ; the Ladies are not angry when Men they love are unreserved upon such Occasions.

The jealous *Thomas*, when he gave me this Advice, was resolv'd to prevent me from following it, and in a few Days let me know I was his Rival. The Duke had a fancy to return to the Baroness, and *Thomas*, though he was not perfectly recovered, had the honour to accompany his Excellency. Then I perceived the Fault I had committed, and drew an ill Presage from it. Ah! poor Wretch, said I to my self, what hast thou done? What Demon, Enemy to thy Fortune, has egged thee on to ruin thyself? Do not imagine, that *Thomas* will pardon thee the Crime of having pleased his Mistress. Depend no more upon his Friendship, he will not be a *Mecenas* to thee any longer. If he is generous enough not to seek to hurt thee, he will not be generous enough to serve thee.

In this manner I reproached myself with my Indiscretion. And my Rival the Day after his Interview with *Blanca* was more discreet than myself. He did not mention a Word to me of that Lady, nor alter his Behaviour to me in the least ; he always received me handsomely when I went to see him, and shewed me the same Friendship he had done before. And even

ven affected to let me accompany his Excellency when he stole from his Palace at Night to mix among the People, and to hear their Opinion in *Palermo* of his Government; for the Barronness *de Confa* was not always the Occasion of his nocturnal Sallies. The Duke, contrary to what had been done by any former Viceroy, often disguised himself in the Habit of a Soldier, Sailor, or Beggar. He travelled through the Streets in this Disguise, and entertained himself with the Populace, and gave them an Opportunity of speaking well or ill of him as they thought fit.

I will not decide whether this Conduct was to be blamed or commended; but am very certain that I would willingly have resigned my Place one Night to Mr. *Thomas*. The Duke having joined a Parcel of Scoundrels, who were met to make themselves merry, took upon himself to censure some of their Actions, to hear what they would say. He had no sooner done it, but three or four of them, who perhaps knew him, fell upon us, and beat us heartily as Enemies to the Government; with Difficulty we escaped out of their Clutches, and the Viceroy never boasted of this Adventure.

I was now one of his trusty Servants, and only forbid *Blanca's* House. *Thomas*, whose

whose Jealousy had cured him of the Gout, took particular care that I should not return, and by good Fortune I was indifferent, having more Inclination to preserve the Valet de Chambre's Friendship, than to mind the Favours of his Mistress, and therefore devoted myself to him more than ever; and though I could not with all my Endeavours make him forget the unhappy Report I had made to him, I obliged him at least to feign it. He seemed to love me more than ever, and I was extraordinarily delighted, thinking, as he was satisfied to have removed me from *Blanca*, he had nothing in his Heart against me.

I was now perfectly easy as to *Thomas*, when a young Merchant of *Palermo* accosted me one Day in the Street, and said to me with a sorrowful Countenance, Pray Sir excuse the Liberty I take to stop you; I see by your Habit that you are one of the Viceroy's Pages, and should be glad to have a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation with you, to communicate an Affair to you of very great Importance. If you are willing to embrace the Opportunity of obliging an honest Man, I beg you would take the Trouble to follow me. I answered him, that he could not have applied to a Person better disposed than myself to oblige his Neighbour. Upon this, he conducted

ducted me to a House which appeared to belong to a Person in easy Circumstances, and introduced me to a Room where there was an old bedridden Man, and pointing to him, said, Sir, you see my Father in a Condition which deserves Compassion. He is fallen ill with Grief at being cheated by a Merchant who has ran away with ten thousand Crowns which were deposited in his Hands, and we are ruined for ever, unless we can find some Body who has Interest enough with the Viceroy to engage him to take Cognizance of the Affair.

You know very well, said I, that my Lord is of easy Access, very mild and affable, and hears the Complaints that are made to him patiently. However, tho' you have no occasion to be recommended to him, I offer you my Service. I am perhaps his most favourite Page; acquaint me therefore thoroughly with your Affair, and I will take care to have Justice done you by his Excellency. When I had uttered these Words, the Father and Son returned me thanks, and finished their Compliments with a Promise of 200 Pistoles. Softly, Gentlemen, said I, know that the Viceroy's Servants are forbid taking the least Present from any Body, who is under an Obligation to them, and that under the Penalty of being discarded, after undergoing a severe Punishment: Which was too true, the

the Duke having declared it in express Terms to all his Domesticks. This Injunction is too rigid, said the old Man, how then shall I have the Opportunity of shewing that I am not ungrateful? It is a Mortification to be incapable of acknowledging a Service done only in Thought. A *Spanish* Benefactor, I replied very haughtily, desires no more. Pray let superfluous Discourse alone, and let me know in what Manner you was cheated. Then the old Merchant began, and gave me the following Particulars:

My Name is *Giannetto*. I am the Son of an Attorney, who died rather poor than rich, after taking abundance of Pains in his Life-Time, which must be attributed to his extraordinary Impartiality and scrupulous Integrity. After his Death, I had the good Fortune to marry a Widow with twelve thousand Crowns; so that by joining my small Fortune to hers, I lived as comfortably as any Body in *Palermo*, and have still the Reputation of being easy in my Circumstances; but shall soon be looked upon as one of the most miserable in this City, and must be so in reality, if I lose the Action entered against me this Day, the Substance whereof is as follows.

About six Months ago, *Charles Azarini*, *Peter Scannati*, and *Jeremy Avellino*, all three

three Merchants and my Acquaintance, came to my House with a Notary and ten thousand Crowns in Gold. We have chose, said they, to deposite this Money in your Hands, till we have the Opportunity of putting it on board a Ship, and in the mean Time desire you would keep it, giving us a Note under your Hand not to deliver it to any of us three, but in the Presence of the other two, which Engagement I entered into by an Instrument drawn up by the Notary, that we all signed. I carefully preserved what was deposited in my Hands to give the three Partners whenever they should require it, but a few Days ago *Jeremy Avellino* came at Night and knocked at my Door, which being opened, he came into my Room in a hurry and said, Signior *Giannettino*, I hope the Importance of my Business will plead my Pardon for disturbing your Rest. My two Partners and myself have received Information that a *Genoese* Vessel laden with choice Goods will soon arrive at *Messina*, by which a considerable Profit may be made, if we are expeditious, and have resolved to employ the ten thousand Crowns belonging to us in your Hands. Pray make haste and deliver it to me, my Horse is at the Door, and I am impatient to be at *Messina*.

Signior *Avellino*, said I, perhaps you have forgot that I cannot deliver it — No, no, said

said he, interrupting me, I remember very well it is expressed in the Instrument, that you shall not deliver the Money unless the three Partners are present, but *Azarini* and *Scannati* are ill, and could not come with me: They desire, as well as myself, that you would not have any Regard to that Condition, but deliver me the Money instantly, Time being precious, I believe you would not make us lose so fair an Opportunity, by a Diffidence that would break in upon our Friendship. Therefore I beseech you to make haste, added he, I am in Pain lest I should arrive too late at *Messina*. Heaven, which without doubt privately inspired me, made me consider of it a long Time, but *Avellino*, that Rogue *Avellino*, intreated me, pressed me, and tormented me to that degree, that he conquered my Resistance, and I had the Weakness to deliver him the Money, which he carried off.

When the old Man had finished his Discourse, which put him in mind of his Imprudence, he could not forbear shedding a few Tears. I was moved to Compassion at them, and to comfort him, said, My Lord Duke's Power is extensive, and *Avellino* will hardly escape him. *Avellino*, said the Merchant's Son, is far enough from hence at present, and what is worst of all, is, that *Azarini* and *Scannati* were no sooner acquainted with their Partner's Roguery, but they fell
upon

upon my Father, demanding the Money they had deposited in his Hands. This Affair will be determined in two Days, and in all Appearance the Judges will condemn him to pay the Plaintiffs the ten thousand Crowns. That's not yet decided, said I, and I make no doubt, when the Viceroy is informed of all the Circumstances of the Case, as he will this very Day, but he will try it himself.

I really made a faithful Report of the whole to his Excellency, who told me, when he had heard me with Attention, and smiling at his own Thought, I will give a Judgment in this Cause that will make a Noise in the World; and the next Day summoned the Parties before him. He ordered the Plaintiffs to speak first, and when they had pleaded their Cause, he addressed himself to the Defendant, and said, *Gianuetino*, what Answer have you to make your Adversaries? None, my Lord, said *Gionnetino*, shrugging his Shoulders, and leaning down his Head. He is in the Right, Gentlemen, replied the Duke, fixing his Eyes upon *Azarini* and *Scannati*, he has no Answer to make you, but agrees to all you have said, and is ready to deliver the ten thousand Crowns you have deposited in his Hands. But as this cannot be done according to the Instrument passed between you, unless the three Partners are present, bring

Avellino

Avellino to *Palermo* and you shall receive them.

This Sentence of the Duke *d'Offuna's* made the whole Audience laugh when he pronounced it, and became the Subject of Conversation in *Italy*. *Giannettino* and his Son, who thought themselves infallibly ruined, before, overjoyed to be eased of this Perplexity, as an Acknowledgment invited me to Dinner, and when we had dined, spread the two hundred Pistoles before me, which they had offered, and I had refused. What a Sight was this! They began to press me to accept of them, protesting that no Body should know it. Oh! the Weakness of Mankind! they presented them to me so often, urged me so strongly, and in so many different Manners, that I was obliged to receive them. They were in a fine Purse, which I put into my Pocket, and we agreed very well together afterwards.

I was however, a little uneasy when I began to reflect that the Duke would not have a shameful Trade made of his Favours in his own House. But I imagined this little Catch would not come to his Knowledge, and indeed the two *Giannettino's* would never have spoken of it, if his Excellency had not sent for the Father three Days after, to ask him before me, whether he had not made me a Present. The old Man, who was an Enemy to Falshood, and afraid to de-
claro

clare the Truth, lest it should do me a Prejudice, was in Confusion at the Question, while I perceived I was undermined. Don't conceal any Thing from me, said the Duke to him, with a haughty and threatening Air, I order you under the Penalty of my Displeasure to inform me what Gratuity *Gonzalez* has received of you. The Merchant knowing the Viceroy to be a Man before whom it was dangerous to say a Falshood, owned he had given me two hundred Pistoles, adding to excuse me, that his Son and himself had obliged me to accept of them. I don't blame you, replied the Duke, for offering him the Money; but he ought not to have taken it, knowing how scrupulous I am in that Affair, and had even forbid it. This is what I cannot pardon him.

After he had talked in this Manner, he turned himself towards me, and asked me where the two hundred Pistoles in Question were. They are in my Room, my Lord, said I, just as they were given me. Well, said he, go and fetch them this Instant. I obeyed him, and when I had brought him the Purse, he put it into one of his Gentlemen's Hands, ordering him to go and distribute the Money to the Poor, who alone ought to reap the Benefit of *Giannetino's* Imprudence. As to you *Gonzalez*, continued he, you may go where you please, I have no farther Service for you, and forbid you ever to set your

Foot

Foot in my Palace. I immediately threw myself at the Duke's Feet, thinking to move his Compassion ; but this Submission would not do, for he darted an angry Look upon me, and then turned his Back.

I ran that Moment to *Thomas* and with my Face bathed in Tears, told him of my Disgrace, who seemed to be concerned at it, and promised his Endeavours to appease his Excellency. No Body without dispute could do it better than himself, and would have succeeded had he undertaken it ; but being more jealous than generous, he secretly rejoiced at my Misfortune, and took care not to intercede in my behalf. He persuaded me however, that he had used his utmost Endeavours to obtain my Pardon. I have represented to my Lord, said he, all that could possibly excuse you, and told him that I was as much concerned for you as if you had been my own Son, in short, I spared no Pains to restore you to his Favour, without being able to succeed. He seemed inexorable, and even told me, that it was an extraordinary Indulgence to have turned you out of Doors only, and that you deserved to have been more severely treated. My dear *Gonzalez*, added he, embracing me, my Grief is inexpressible that I could not prevail upon his Grace on this Occasion, notwithstanding my Ascendant over him. This treacherous Valet de Chambre,

bre, the better to convince me of his Sincerity, and the Friendship he always had for me, offered me a Purse with twenty Pistoles, which I did not refuse, having lost all hopes of staying with the Viceroy.

Before I left the Palace, I went to take leave of *Quirillo*, who had heard of my Misfortune. Friend *Estevanille*, said he, as soon as he perceived me at a Distance, I know the whole Affair, my Lord himself with whom I have just parted, has told me all that passed. I endeavoured to excuse you in vain, and could not prevail upon him to revoke the Sentence pronounced against you, and am heartily sorry for it. *Don Joseph* and myself parted in a very tender Manner; but I ought to tell you at the same Time that to moderate my Grief he gave me a hundred Pistoles from his Excellency, with which I retired more than half comforted at my Misfortune.

CHAP V.

By what Accident, and with what Design, Estevanille was Journeyman to an Apothecary, and of the happy Effect of a Mistake he made in the Trade.

THE first Person I met going out of the Viceroy's Palace, was *Giannetto* no's Son. I was looking for you, said he, I desire

desire that you would accept of a Lodging at my Father's House. It is but reasonable that a Man who has suffered by doing us Service, should at least find us sensible of his Disgrace. I did not suffer him to ask me a second Time, but went directly home with him, where I was received by the Father and the Son with all possible Marks of Acknowledgment and Frinedship.

I had lived with them about a Fortnight, when the old Man said to me, My dear *Gonzalez*, I look upon you as my Son, and am resolved to set you up at *Palermo*. I have had a Thought of placing you with an old Apothecary, who is my Relation, and what's still more one of my best Friends. He will instruct you in Pharmacy, and as soon as you know the Business, you shall marry his only Daughter *Violetta*, who, to speak Truth, is not a perfect Beauty; but, besides her being agreeable, she passes for one of the most virtuous Girls in *Palermo*, and moreover will have a good Fortune after her Father's Death. Come, said he, consider of it: If this Marriage is agreeable to you, and you have no Aversion to the Trade, I will propose it to my Relation.

I desired twenty four Hours of *Giannetino* to consider of it, and made all the Reflections I could in that Time both for and against it. There were some Moments wherein

wherein the Thoughts of Clysters and Decoctions, gave me some Aversion to Pharmacy ; and at other Times I found nothing that gave me a Disgust to it, thinking it preferable to Surgery. If I had abandoned Surgery, said I, the Reason was, because a Heart of Steel is necessary to perform chirurgical Operations with Dexterity ; but it is not the same with an Apothecary, who has no Occasion for Cruelty to make his Compositions. After I had thoroughly weighed the Matter, I determined to answer *Giannetino's* good Wishes for me, and the generous *Sicilian* only waited for my Resolution to speak to the old Apothecary, who approved of his Design.

I went then to live with my future Father-in-Law, whose Name was *Andrew Potofski*. He was a Man of consummate Understanding in his Profession, a good Chymist, and a strict Observer of Nature, and had made several curious Discoveries. He had many Secrets of Use to the Ladies ; and among others, that of giving them an admirable Complexion by Means of a Water he had invented : He had the Art of making the Wrinkles of old Age disappear by Pomatums, and to make a new smooth Skin grow upon the Face of a great Grandmother. Having a Design to give me
his

his Shop as soon as I married his Daughter, he wholly applied himself to my Instruction, and first taught me to pound Drugs in a Mortar with a very good Air, and to give a Clister properly. *Potoschi* found me of a happy Disposition to make a good Apothecary, and if he took Pains to instruct me, I used my utmost Endeavours to improve by his Lessons.

Methinks I hear a merry Reader say in this Place, Signior *Gonzalez*, you don't tell us all; but we easily guess why you had the Trade so much at Heart. The Beauty which was to be the Fruit of your Labour, excited you to work. I agree to it, the lovely *Violetta* seemed to me the best Reward they could have proposed to animate me to make a Progress in Pharmacy. She was between twenty two and twenty three Years of Age, very agreeable in her Person, extremely witty, and reserved in her Behaviour, which is very extraordinary in *Sicily*, where the Women generally are impudently coquettish. She lived since the Death of her Mother, I would say, for ten Years past, under the Care of an old Governante. I was however upon such a Footing in the Family, that I had the Privilege of *Violetta's* Conversation; but our Behaviour was full of Respect on one Side, and Modesty on the

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other,

other, or to speak more justly, I was too fearful to ask, and the Lady too virtuous to begin.

Potoschi's Reputation was so well establish'd, that no Apothecary at *Palermo* was more employ'd. He was sent for to all Parts of the Town, and being incapable of doing his Business himself, he often sent me in his Stead; insomuch that I was called his trusty Servant in those Houses where he sent me. As I happened to be one Day alone in the Shop, a Woman came to enquire for the Master of the House. Madam, said I, he is in the Town, but I can do as well as himself, if you please to tell me your Business. Since it is so, I must tell you, that the *Baronness de Consa*, my Mistress, desires *Siginor Potoschi* to come and see her to Night. That is enough, Madam said I, he will not fail to go: Upon which the *Abigail* did not stay to talk with me, but made me a Curtesy, and went out of the Shop.

The Apothecary returned soon after, who had been to carry a Powder he had prepared for an old President, who was to be married in two Days to a young Girl of Fifteen. Sir, says I, the *Baronness de Consa* expects to see you in the Evening. *Potoschi* smiled at what I told him in such a Manner as made me believe there was some Mystery

Mystery in it. We lived together with that Familiarity, that I made no Scruple to ask him, why he smiled at the Name of the Baronness. Son-in-Law, said he, for now he called me by no other Name, though you have been the Viceroy's Page, I will venture a Wager you are ignorant that Lady is his Mistress. Have a care, continued he, not to reveal what I am going to tell you. The Discretion of Apothecaries as well as Surgeons, ought to be proof against all Temptations; but we may trust one another with Secrets to divert ourselves.

I pretended to be ignorant, that my intended Father-in-Law might have an Opportunity to speak, who pursued his Discourse in the following manner: I have known the Baronness *de Consa* from her Infancy, as well as *Donna Blanca*, her Mother, and have been long Apothecary to those two Widows. I furnish'd Physic in the Distempers of which their Husbands died; they both place an entire Confidence in me, and I serve them as faithfully. *Blanca*, who is as swarthy as a Mole, and cover'd with Pimples, has the Complexion of a Cherubim, Thanks to a certain Water and Pomatum, which Compositions I shall teach you. When that Lady has been three Hours at her Toilette, she appears

pears so different from what she naturally is, that it is a perfect Metamorphosis; and one need be no longer surpris'd that Signior *Thomas*, the Duke d'*Ossuna's* damn'd Favourite, makes her his Idol.

By what I perceive, Father-in-Law, said I, this beautiful Madam is infinitely obliged to you. Her Daughter is no less obliged to me, said he. The Baronness, young as she is, has an Indisposition which obliges her to wear an Issue upon her Leg, which, by my Skill, is kept so sweet and clean, that the nicest Nose cannot smell it: Besides, my Water and Pomatum are of some Service to her. In short, she is more obliged to me than to Nature for the Viceroy's Favours. While *Potoschi* talk'd in this Manner, I was transported with Joy; particularly upon *Thomas's* Account, whose Happiness I no longer envied, and now began to be pleas'd at my own Indiscretion. If I had made a Mystery, said I, of my Conference with *Blanca*, I should insensibly have devoted myself to that Lady, and at present have loved that *African* Complexion under a Mask of Pomatum, and not been upon the Point of marrying the beautiful *Violetta*, whose Charms are not owing to her Father's Art.

That

That I might deserve to gather this fine Fruit, I worked all Day in the Shop, and surprized the Apothecary with the Progress I made in his Profession, which has no Conjuraton in it at the Bottom, altho' it is difficult enough to retain the barbarous and devilish Names of the Drugs they employ. I already knew how to make all sorts of Compositions, when one Day two Prescriptions were brought to us of Dr. *Arriscador's*, a Physician of *Navarre*, who passed for the *Hippocrates* of *Palermo*. The Barons, Counts and Marquises who fell Sick would not dye but by his Hands. The Business was to make up two Medicines, one for a Counsellor who was troubled with a Defluxion upon his Lungs by pleading, and the other for a Clergyman who had got a Pleurisy by running after a Benefice. I made use of the Drugs and Quantities prescribed, and when I had made the two Compositions, carried them to the Patients; but like a young giddy-brained Lad as I was, gave the Counsellor's Potion to the Clergyman, and the Clergyman's to the Counsellor, without perceiving the Mistake, till I had made them both swallow every Drop of the Medicines. I upbraided myself for this Blunder, and

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curfed my giddy-head. I pitied my poor Patients who had fallen under my Hands, and looking upon them as dead Men, went home under a very great Concern. If I had been an old thorough-paced Apothecary, I fhould have returned in cool Blood to my Shop, without being troubled at this unlucky Adventure: but I had not yet been long enough to harden myfelf in Pharmacy, and appeared fo very uneasy that *Potoschi* asked me the reafon of it. I ingenuoufly told him my Miftake, expreffing a very great Concern at it, while he only laughed. I can perceive by your forrowful Countenance, Son-in-Law, faid he, that you are but a Novice. You are in the wrong to be fo concern'd at the Miftakes of the Profeflion. You muft not lay things thus to Heart. You have made a Miftake? well, is not Mankind apt to miftake, and efpecially in our Profeflion? Is it not a common Saying, that fuch a one has blundered like an Apothecary; which fupposes that we are very liable to Blunder? Oh! truly, faid he, I have made many worfe in my Life, without going to proclaim them at *Rome*. But Signior *Potoschi*, faid I, as you underftand Drugs to Perfection, don't you believe thefe two men will
kick

kick up with what they have taken? I don't know, answered he, not being sufficiently acquainted with the Properties of Medicines to be certain of the Effects they ought to produce. However, let us make ourselves easy in the Affair; let us maintain, that we followed the Prescriptions exactly, and conceal your Blunders; if the two Patients should happen to die, which is very probable, the Physician will have all the honour of it.

We therefore resolved to place these two Murders to Dr. *Arriscador's* Account, whose Reputation, by good Fortune for us, favoured our Design. The Doctor came into the Shop next Day in a very great hurry, and entered so hastily, that we believed he came to bring us the News of the Death of our two Patients; but, on the contrary, he brought us the agreeable News of their Recovery. Friends, said he, I am unable to contain my Joy, or rather my Rapture. The two last Prescriptions I sent you deserve to be consecrated in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, as two Specificks, the one for the Pleurisy, and the other for Defluxions upon the Lungs. Can you give Credit to what I am going to tell you? The Clergyman and the Counsellor had hardly

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ly taken their Medicines, but they were relieved; they slept well all Night, and when they awaked this Morning found themselves perfectly recovered. An unheard of Prodigy! the Report of these two Wonders is already spread over the City. What an Honour it is for me that I so suddenly subdued two mortal Diseases! My Lads, continued he, you ought to rejoice likewise at so uncommon a Victory, who have contributed to it by the Care you took of your Compositions; and one Part of the Glory, which ought to accrue to me, falls to your Share.

The Doctor was so well pleased with the extraordinary Success of his Prescriptions, that he could not sufficiently congratulate himself upon it. As to our Parts, who knew better what to think of it than himself, we were ready to laugh in his Face, had not the Respect due from Apothecaries to Physicians restrained us from that Irreverence.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

*With what a fatal Accident this comical
Adventure was followed, and of the danger
Potoschi and Gonzalez were in.*

A Few Days after this Adventure, another happened which was not attended with so pleasing a Consequence. The Baroness de Consa was taken ill, and sent for Potoschi, who not understanding her Distemper, called Dr. Arriscador to his Assistance; when the Physician had made his Observations upon the Disease, the Cause of which he knew no better than the Apothecary, he prescribed such Medicines as he thought proper; Potoschi prepared them himself, and I carried them.

I found the Baroness labouring under an Oppression which portended no Good; and though the Prognosticks of Journey-men Apothecaries are not more infallible, than those of a Physician; I drew an unhappy Omen from this Lady's Condition. Donna Blanca her Mother sat by her in very great Trouble

ble and Disquiet, and very much alarmed; and was so far from knowing me, that she did not so much as cast her Eyes upon me. For my own part, if I had not known she was *Blanca*, I should not have remembered her, in her frightful Undress. Being entirely abandoned to the Care which a motherly Tenderness required she should have of her Daughter, she let her Charms lie fallow, if I may use that Expression, and plainly discovered the Occasion she had of our Pomatum. I approach'd the Baroness, gave her the Medicine, and then returned home, where they soon came to inform us, that the Patient having swallowed our Drench, fell asleep, and, when she awoke, screamed out, and died suddenly in her Mother's Arms.

Potoschi and myself were under some Concern, not so much for the Loss of the Baroness, as the Consequences resulting from it. We apprehended this Accident might affect our Business; for the Publick is ready to decry us when a Patient dies who has taken our Medicines. The first Arrow, indeed, is levelled at the Physician; but the Apothecary is never spared. We should have been happy enough to have had only our Reputation at Stake; but we played a higher Game;

Game, and were both arrested the next Day by the Viceroy's Order, and thrown into Prison, where they inform'd us of the Reason of our Imprisonment. They told us that the Baronefs *de Confa's* Body had been opened by the Duke *d' Ossuna's* Order, and that some Signs had appear'd of her being poisoned; that his Excellency being inform'd of it, and resolving to discover the Author of so black a Crime, had thought proper for particular Reasons to secure the Persons who had prepared and given the Draught.

We were both lock'd up in separate Dungeons, and the next Day were each of us interrogated. Let a Prisoner accus'd of a Crime be intirely innocent, the Testimony of his Conscience cannot make him altogether easy, and he rarely endures the Presence of a Judge without feeling a Concern. This *Petoschi* proved to be true, when he was interrogated, who instead of excusing me, while he was justifying himself, said he had prepared the Composition very faithfully, but that he knew not whether I had carried the same. I retorted it again, indeed, when I came to be interrogated, by declaring that I punctually carry'd the Medicine as the Apothecary had prepared it; but was ignorant whether he had used any other

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Drugs

Drugs than the Physician had prescribed. Thus every Man endeavours to get out of a Scrape without being concerned at whose Expence.

The Viceroy, who took great Care to have the Proceedings reported to him, was very little satisfied with our Depositions, and imagining that by talking to us himself, he might be subtle enough to draw the Secret from us, he was willing to know, he came to the Prison, and ordered us to be brought before Him. He had never seen me since that Day he had banished me his Palace; neither did he inform himself what was become of me. You may judge of his Excellency's Surprizewhen I appeared in the Room where he waited to interrogate me. What is it you, *Gonzalez*, said he? Is it you, you Wretch, who gave that perfidious Draught to the Baroness which ended her Days so suddenly! When he had said this, he ordered the People, who were present, to withdraw, even the Apothecary himself; and when he was alone with me resumed his Discourse. You know the Reasons that engage me to revenge this Lady's Death, and perhaps know the secret Enemy that has deprived me of her. Tell me who it is, and I will pardon you. I answered the Duke, that if the Baroness was

was poisoned, it must be before she took the Draught I gave her: that I did not follow Pharmacy to poison Mankind, and that no body had ever proposed it to me.

Since I cannot oblige you to reveal what I am resolved to know, replied the Viceroy, by offering to pardon you, we will see whether you will be as silent under Punishment. I was terribly affrighted at these Words, and as though I had been going to be put to the Rack, threw myself at his Excellency's Feet, melting in Tears, and cryed out, my good Lord, have some Compassion upon your old Servant *Estevanille*; you who protect the innocent, can you resolve to torture a Man who has no Discovery to make? Can I possibly tell you what I know not? By good Fortune I was before a distinguishing Judge, who perceived my Innocency, and the Discourse he had afterwards with *Potoschi* thoroughly convinced him, that if the Baronels had died by our Medicine, at the least we were not the Poisoners. He talked no more of Torture to me, but gave no Orders for my Discharge; so that I staid a whole Fortnight in Prison with the Apothecary.

At the End of that Time we were both set at Liberty, and began to work in the Shop as before. We applied ourselves first to serve the Ladies, who came to our Fountain of Youth; and *Blanca* was one of those who laid in Store of our Water, and Pomatum. *Potoschi* carried her a large Quantity, and the Lady entertained him with a Discourse which I cannot pass in Silence. Signior *Potoschi*, said she, you can hardly believe how much I have been mortified at the Misfortune that happened to you upon the Death of my Daughter; if the Viceroy had taken my Advice, he would have saved you that unjust and shameful Accusation. It is true the Baroness was poisoned; but what Occasion was there for so much Trouble to discover the Author of the Crime? He need only to have called the young Grecian Woman to mind who was his Mistress, and died a violent Death, which was imputed to the Jealousy of his Duchess, and had no Occasion to seek elsewhere for the Murder of my Daughter. A Woman Cook, who went from my House about three Days ago, did that Business by the Vice-Queen's Order, and the Duke, continued *Blanca*, is so fully perswaded of it at present

sent, that he makes no farther Enquiry, lest he should hear more than he desires to learn; and it is very certain that Affair was stifled on a sudden.

A Man who comes out of Prison, though thoroughly cleared of the Crime of which he was falsely accused, cannot refrain thinking that Mankind looks awry upon him. This is at least what I imagined, and it made such an Impression on me that I insensibly took an Aversion to *Palermo*, and nothing was wanting to give me an entire Disgust to it, but ceasing to love *Violetta*, for whom I had a strong Inclination. An Opportunity soon offer'd; for a young Officer belonging to the Inquisition having follow'd my Steps, by good Fortune for me made his Addresses to the Apothecary's Daughter with Success; I say by good Fortune, for if she had unluckily given me the Preference, my Rival in revenge would have procured me a Place in the Prison of the Inquisition, where I might have staid to this Day. I proved myself upon this Occasion, not to be one of those obstinate Lovers who withstand all Obstacles; and as soon as I found *Violetta* disposed to sacrifice me to her new Gallant, I sent her

her to the Devil with all the Drugs in her Father's Shop; and, without taking Leave of any Body, went to the Harbour, where finding a *Genoese* Vessel ready to sail for *Leghorn* I went on board of it.

The End of the Second Book.



THE

THE
HISTORY
OF

Estevanille Gonzalez.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Gonzalez in his Way to Leghorn, gains the Friendship of a young Gentleman, who takes him to Pisa: In what Harmony they lived together, and how they parted.



HAD no particular Reason for going to *Leghorn* rather than to any other Place: My Inclination was only to remove, because I could live no longer at *Palermo* after the Trouble I had endured. I contracted an Acquaintance
tance

tance by the Way with a young Passenger whose Name was *Ferrari*, a Gentleman of *Pisa* who was returning home and had been to visit some Relations at *Mont-Real*, particularly an Aunt whose only Heir he was.

As a Viceroy's Page might put himself upon a Level with one who was only a private Gentleman, I insinuated myself into *Ferrari*'s Company, who was a Person of Wit. He pleased me, and I had the Happiness of being agreeable to him. We contracted a strict Familiarity together; and, to cement our Friendship the stronger, became mutual Confidants to each other, but with less Sincerity on my Part than his. I had the Impudence to pass for a Nobleman; and believe I was not to blame, since every Gentleman despises a Person of mean Extraction. If *Ferrari* had known me, he would have disdained my Conversation; but as he thought I was of noble Blood, he freely gave Way to his Inclination for me: It was impossible to separate us when we arrived at *Leghorn*. We will not part, said he, I will take you with me to *Pisa*, and detain you there some Time. I could not possibly resist his Instances, gave my Consent, and we both set out for *Pisa*, where he promised to make my Stay

Stay agreeable by the Variety of Pleasures with which he proposed to entertain me.

He performed his Promise, and I must freely confess that we passed a Month very pleasantly. At length I resolved to take Leave of him, lest I should in-croach upon his Friendship; but he was so far from consenting to my Departure, that he reproach'd me for my Impatience to leave a Person by whom I was respected. What obliges you to abandon me, said he? You have often expressed your Satisfaction in my Company, I am very well satisfied with yours; and have an Income sufficient to maintain us both; stay with me, and we will live together like two Brothers. I was moved with these Marks of his Affection, and in Acknowledgment resolved to live at his Expence, since he so earnestly desired it; I was even obliged to suffer him at his own Charge to cloath me from Head to Foot. To comply with his Humour, I had the Complaisance to submit entirely to his Will. The Happiness of having so good a Friend made me forget my Misfortunes, or rather I thought my Fortune made in the present Situation of my Affairs, though to
examine

examine it strictly, it could not be depended upon for the future.

While *Ferrari* and myself led this delicious Life, the Cavalier fell in Love with a young Lady, which proved fatal to our Friendship. He had often sworn that he would never marry, but had not the Power to keep his Oath. *Engratia* charmed him, he paid his Addresses to her, and she being a Lady of Birth and Honour, married her. He had no less Affection for me when he was first married: On the contrary, he express'd more than he had done before, strictly enjoining his Lady to have the same Regard for me as he himself had. *Engratia* said he to her, in my Prefence, *Gonzalez* is my Friend; if I am dear to you, make him sensible by your Behaviour, that you have the same Opinion of him as myself. *Engratia*, to please her Husband, promised to do so, and kept her Word. She lost no Opportunity of saying the most obliging Things to me, and of giving me the strongest Marks of her Benevolence; but this was only artificial, and being jealous of the Confidence her Husband placed in me, secretly hated me, and her Aversion at length came to that Height, that she resolved to remove me from *Pisa* at any Rate. The
Expedient

Expedient she employ'd to accomplish her Design is too singular to be omitted.

Signior Gonzalez, said *Engratia* to me one Day when we were alone, I must communicate an Affair to you in which you are concerned, and the Quiet of my Life depends. I begin to feel a Disposition to love you that gives me great Uneasiness; I struggle in vain within myself; you triumph over the Endeavour of my Duty and Virtue, and it is from you alone I expect Relief. Leave that Family immediately, whose Tranquillity you disturb. I conjure you to do it by the Laws of Hospitality, and moreover by my Husband's Friendship for you. Fly from me; the Confession I make of my Weakness obliges you to it, and believe you too honest a Man to dishonour your Friend.

I was imposed upon by this artful Discourse, sincerely believed that the Lady was smitten with my Merit, and to prevent the Consequences of her Passion, thought it her Duty to desire me herself to retire. If I had loved her Husband less, I might perhaps have been inclin'd to follow the Example of *Paris*; but instead of running away with my Hostess,

I bid her adieu for ever, and stole privately from the House one fine Morning, leaving it to her own Discretion to invent what she thought proper to tell *Ferrari* with Respect to my Departure. I have been informed, that to comfort him, she told him I was in Love with her, and had declared my Passion to her; and that upon her Refusal to comply, I went away enraged that I had made an Attempt upon her Fidelity without Success.



C H A P.

CHAP. II.

Estevanille meets two People of Geneva within three Miles of Pisa, who were going to Florence: He joins them, and goes with them out of Curiosity to see a famous Necromancer.

I TOOK the Road to *Florence*, mounted upon a bad Hackney-Horse, and extremely pleased with myself when I reflected that the Ladies forbade me their Houses for fear of being in Love with me; I had not travell'd three Miles before I met with two Horsemen better mounted than myself, and when I had saluted them, enquired whether they were going to *Florence*; who told me, they were. Gentlemen, said I, shall I have the Honour of your Company? Upon which they paid me a Compliment, and we became Fellow-Travellers.

We went that Night to lodge at *St. Miniato*, in an Inn well furnished with all Sorts of Provisions. The Landlord, who was an excellent Cook, having serv'd a *German* Cardinal at *Rome* for some

some Years, prepar'd us an elegant Supper. Mirth and Gaiety reign'd during the Repast; and if I made those Gentlemen sensible that I was a merry Fellow, they both satisfied me they were the same. I am a Jeweller, says one, and unfortunately have a Wife who gives me just Reason to complain of her. I have the Happiness to be a Batchellor, said the other; but my Father, who is a rich old Gentleman, is still alive, and enjoys his Health so perfectly, that I shall have no other Occasion for Money when he dies than to buy Spectacles and Crutches.

The Landlord, being present, said to the *Geneva* Gentlemen, if your Honours have a mind to know whether the one shall soon get rid of his Father, or the other of his Wife, we have a famous Necromancer in this Country who will inform you. I laugh'd very heartily at what my Landlord said, who gravely assured us, that the Magician he spoke of was an extraordinary Cabalist. I could name you twenty Persons, added he, who have consulted him, and to whom all he had foretold was come to pass. For example; it is about ten Months since, that an old Man who had a young Wife he believ'd to be barren, went

went to ask this Conujror whether he should die without the Pleasure of having a Child. The Necromancer answer'd him, That within Twelve-months his Wife would bring him a Child; and she has really been deliver'd within this Week.

This Oracle, whose Prediction might be accomplish'd by the Assistance of some Friend of the Merchants, gave us a good deal of Diversion. One of the *Geneva* Gentlemen, however, who delighted in Miracles, was tempted to discourse with the Cabalist, and enquired the Place of his Residence. Two Miles from hence, says the Landlord, he dwells in a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain on the Side of *Castellina*. Gentlemen, reply'd the *Genevois*, although I have little Faith in Necromancy, I confess I should be glad to see this Magician; for my part, said the other, I have the same Inclination. What prevents us from having that Satisfaction? I am ready to go, said I. Don't think that I have less Inclination than yourselves to speak to so extraordinary a Person. We resolved therefore to go the next Day, and take a Guide to the Magician's Habitation, and went accordingly.

We

We arrived at the Foot of a steep Mountain, where we perceived a Cave shut up by a very strong Door. We knocked, calling out to have it opened, but received no Answer for some Time. At length we heard a doleful Voice within, who asked us our Business: We said we came to consult the Oracle, upon which the Door instantly opened.

The first Object which presented itself was the Necromancer, who was a tall Man, six Foot high at least, and clad in a white Robe, upon which all the Signs of the Zodiack were painted in red. He had a large Wolf-Skin furr'd Cap upon his Head, with a Tiger's Head for a Crest; and instead of Hair, some artificial Vipers hanging upon his Shoulders. In short his whole Dress gave him a frightful Aspect. The two *Genevois* told him that upon the Reputation of his being a great Cabalist, they had travelled very far to consult him upon some Affairs of the utmost Importance to themselves. He answered them at first that he was not what they believed him to be; but the Gentlemen by Means of Intreaties, intermixed with Encomiums upon his Knowledge, obliged him at length to own that he was really initiated in the Mysteries of the Cabal. The *Genevois*

vois could not however gain their point without being first obliged to protest that they were not induced to come out of meer Curiosity; for he declared that he only imployed the Power of his Art for those who stood absolutely in need of it. They made the Protestation he required without Hesitation; after which all Difficulties were removed on his Part. Then he began to boast of his Knowledge, and shewed them many Toys which he assured them were Presents from foreign Lords, to whom he had foretold what should happen.

While my Comrades and the Necromancer were discoursing together, I examin'd the Inside of the Cave, which was full of such Things as could not be looked upon without Horror. Here was a Lion with two sparkling Eyes and open Jaws, there was a furious Tyger who extended his Claws as though he would tear us to Pieces; and in another Place a flying Dragon that seemed ready to dart himself upon us. All these Figures, though they consisted only of Osier, covered with painted Pastboard, were made with so much Art, that they could not have occasion'd a greater Terror, had they been alive. These Objects, which made me tremble to look upon them, contributed

contributed to my belief the Master of the Cave was a very great Magician. My Comrades, whose Admiration was raised at his astonishing Narrations, had the same Opinion of him as myself: but, for my part, as I had hitherto very little Experience, I suspended my Opinion.

The Necromancer, surpris'd to see me so attentive in observing the Furniture of his Cell, asked the *Genevois* why I avoided his Conversation. They answered him, that I did not avoid it, but, like a curious *Spaniard* had devoted myself to the Pleasure of contemplating the Curiosities in his Cell. He heard with Concern that I was a *Spaniard*, and said, I hate to perform my magical Operations before People of that Nation, who are generally Free-Thinkers, and so incredulous, that they treat us as Impostors. There is no Rule without an Exception, replied one of the *Genevois*; we answer for this Gentleman, and though he is a *Spaniard*, we farther answer for him, that he is an Admirer of those great Men who compel the Devil to obey them, There is no Despiser of your Art here, we assure you, therefore you may proceed boldly in his Presence to perform what we expect of you.

Upon

Upon this Assurance the Magician made no Difficulty to perform his Operations before me. He called for some body to come to his Assistance, and immediately there appeared a Man of as horrid an Aspect as himself. These two Monsters conducted us into a back Room darker than the former; in the Midst of which was a large Glass-Globe upon a black Marble-Table. We approach'd the Table, and observed a Parchment Circle round the Globe, upon which were all the Letters of the Alphabet in large Characters; but what particularly engaged our Attention, was a Kind of Dwarf that appeared within it, dressed in deep Scarlet, who was the Spirit, the Magician told us, we were to consult. This little Demon held his Arms directly upright, and his Eyes resembled two flaming Coals.

Then the Necromancer address'd the following Discourse to him with an exalted Voice, and a very grave Air.
 "Uriel, thou proud Genius, whom I
 "have subjected to my Obedience by the
 "Power of my Enchantments, I com-
 "mand you immediately to satisfy these
 "Gentlemen in what they require of you."
 Are you disposed to obey me willingly,
 or must I employ such terrible Words

as you cannot resist? *Uriel* made no Answer, but the Necromancer who, without Dispute, read the Demon's Thoughts in his Eyes, said to the *Genevois*, Gentlemen, you shall soon be satisfied; the Spirit yields to the Power of my Conjurat[i]on. You need only say one after the other what it is you require to know, and he will inform you. I have an old, rich, covetous Father, says one of the *Genevois*, and am impatient to inherit his Estate; command your Genius to tell me how much longer I must wait. This is what you shall be immediately informed of, replied the Cabalist.

When he had spoke in this Manner, he took a large Glove, and putting it upon his Right-Haud, he thrust it into the Globe, and touching the Dwarf, he said to him, come *Uriel*, make Hast. *Uriel* made a Motion immediately, and put his Hand upon one of the Letters. The Magician presently pulled off his Glove, to set down the Letter upon a Piece of Paper which lay upon the Table, with Pen and Ink; then he put on his Glove again, and thrust his Hand once more into the Globe, and touched the Dwarf a second Time, who was tractable enough to

to make a second Motion, and put his Hand upon another Letter.

Our Necromancer did this ten or a dozen Times; and then examining the Letters he had wrote, he assured the *Genevois* that his Father had no more than three Months to live, which extremely rejoiced this hopeful Son. The same Ceremony was began for the other *Genevois*, who flattering himself not to leave the Cave without a Prediction as favourable, had the Happiness of being foretold that he should lose his Wife in a short Time; but by ill Fortune for those Gentlemen, the two Oracles proved Impostures, which I discovered by Accident, as I am going to relate it.

The Magician having performed his Operations before such Witnesses as might be accounted too credulous, like a Priest of the Oracle of *Delphos*, pleased himself that he had deceived us, when I bethought myself, without assigning any Reason, to take the Glove in my Hand which had touched *Uriel*, and having examin'd it, found a Hardness at the Bottom of the Fore-Finger of it that surpris'd me: What's this, said I? May not there be a Loadstone in this Finger of the Glove? The Impostor, who little expected such a Question, turning in Confusion

I 2 towards

towards my Companions, said to them; Gentlemen, was not I in the right to distrust this *Spaniard*? They answered him, we will know the Truth of the Matter, and at the same Time examin'd the Glove, and in Reality found a Load-stone at the End of the Fore-Finger of it. Tho' they were sorry they could not reasonably depend upon his Predictions, they laughed heartily at their own Expence: The supposed Cabalist finding himself discover'd, soon changed his Note, and confessed the whole. He informed us that *Uriel's* Body was made with Osier, and had one Arm covered with Plates of Iron, and shewed us in what artful Manner, he attracted it by his Glove to the Letters marked upon the Globe. At length he intreated us not to divulge the Secret; and the better to engage us to it, said that we ought to look upon him as a Jugler or a Gipsy who tells Fortunes; that he did no Harm to any Body; that indeed he deceived ordinary People, but only foretold what was agreeable to them, who therefore returned Home very well satisfied: Lastly, that sometimes his Predictions happened to be accomplished, which gave him a Reputation and a Livelihood.

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We promised the Rogue to keep his Secret, and then left him in his Cave, thoroughly mortified that he could not deem us in the Number of those he had deceiv'd. We took the Road to *Empoli*, laughing at *Uriel* and those Fools who went to consult him, and arrived at *Florence* the next Day.



CHAPTER

I 3

C H A P. III.

*Of Estevanille's Arrival at Florence;
what Employ was proposed to him, and of
what Service he was to Don Christoval.*

WE went to lodge at a famous Inn near the Court, and two Days after my two Fellow-Travellers left me to return home. We parted, as usual, expressing a very great Regret at our Separation, and forgot each other a Quarter of an Hour afterwards.

Several People of Fashion came to dine with the Landlord of the Inn, as well as great Rogues sometimes. A Person on Horseback of good Appearance, and neatly dress'd, arrived one Day as they were going to Dinner; he took a Chair, and during the whole Time we were at Dinner had his Eyes fixed upon me. I took Notice of it, which made me look at him more attentively than I should otherwise have done, and remembred him to be one of the Passengers with whom I came from *Palermo* to *Leghorn*. After Dinner he gave me to understand that he remembred

bred me likewise. Sir, said he to me, we have made a Voyage at Sea together. I answer'd him, That I remembered it, and by degrees we enter'd into a long Conversation.

He inform'd me he was a *Sicilian*, and that his Name was *Roger Madatori*, a Native of the Village of *Aderno* in the Valley of *Demonia*, at the Foot of *Mount Gibel*, and that he lived agreeably at *Florence* with some Friends of his own Disposition; and that it depended upon my self to partake of the Sweets of their Society. This Person had a good-natur'd Countenance, and a Physiognomy that pleaded in his Favour; therefore I thought I could do no better than to associate myself with him. He presented me immediately to two young Men very well dress'd, who receiv'd me with open Arms, and made me a Partaker of their Pleasures. They introduced me into some of the best Houses in the City, shewed me the most beautiful Ladies of their Acquaintance, where I spent most of my Pistoles without perceiving their Intention to drain my Purse; for in every Party of Pleasure, it cost them as much as myself; but they had Supplies, and I had none, which made me me-

lancholy in Proportion as my Money diminish'd.

Roger, one Day perceiving it, said to me, Signior Gonzalez, you have something in your Mind that disturbs you, I guess what it is, you begin to want Money. You have hit the right Nail on the Head, said I, and what is still worse is, that I am in no Expectation of any from any Part of the World. You may have it when you please, reply'd he, without being obliged to have Recourse to your Friends; if you will follow my Employ you will lead a Life independent of others, and have good Wages. I asked him what that Employ was: I will tell you immediately, said he. You must know there is an old *Catalan* in this Town, whose Name is *Don Rodriguez de Centella*. This Officer has been at the Head of the *Miquelets* in *Spain*, and serves in the Grand Duke's Army with Honour. His Character is pleasant enough; he undertakes to administer Justice in civil Society, and entertains Spies to inform him of the Affronts and Outrages committed in the City of *Florence*, and keeps a Register of Injuries, that he revenges for Money.

You

You may imagine, continued *Roger*, that a Man who follows such an Employ, does not act openly, the Prince might play him a Trick upon it; therefore those Things are transacted with all imaginable Secresy. As soon as a Spy has discovered that any one has received an Affront, he makes his Report of it to *Don Rodriguez*, who sends a Proposal to the Person injured, offering to dispatch his Enemy, or to punish him according to the Nature of the Offence, in Consideration of a certain Sum; and if the injured Person accepts of the Proposal, which generally happens, the Captain pronounces the Sentence, and orders it to be executed by his Spies, to whom he gives half the Money he received from the Person offended. Here I immediately interrupted him, and said, *Roger*, you are one of these brave Executioners: Without Dispute, replied he, I am one of *Don Rodriguez's* Spies, as well as those two young Gentlemen with whom I brought you acquainted; one of which is a *Sicilian*, and the other a *Venetian*.

Pox on it! cried I, laughing, you talk to me of a very dangerous Employ, which does not agree with me by any Means; and, I believe, I should dis-

charge it very indifferently. Though I have been a Surgeon, I am not so bloody-minded; besides I must freely confess, that I have not Courage enough to undertake such Kind of Executions. How weakly you argue, said Signior *Madatori*, I have no more Courage than yourself: Valour is a Gift which Heaven bestows upon very few; and must tell you frankly, that if I was obliged to attack a brave Man, and share the Danger, let my Employ be ever so profitable, I would renounce it To-morrow. Undeceive yourself then, continued he, we run no Dangers at all. What Dangers can we run by rushing upon a Man who is not upon his Guard? We stab him or shoot him through the Head with a Pistol, and the Business is done.

I agree to it, said I; but you may represent Matters as you please to make me increase the Number of *Don Rodriguez's* Spies, you will never gain your Point. I hate to get Money in such a manner, and the very Thoughts of an Assassination makes me tremble. I don't in the least doubt it, replied he; the Prejudice of Education may produce that Effect upon you. I had the same Aversion at first to shedding of Blood as you have, or was rather

rather affrighted at it. The Captain appeared to be a very wicked Wretch, but I looked upon him in a different Manner when I was acquainted with his admirable Method of condemning an Offender. His Method is this; he examines with the nicest Justice into all the Circumstances of an Offence committed; then he consults a Catalogue he has composed, in which are contained all Manner of Injuries pardonable and unpardonable, with the Satisfactions agreeable to them according to the Maxims of the nicest Honour. He has no other Law than this, upon which, like a Judge who thinks he does his Duty, he decides all Affairs with a quiet Conscience.

Good G^d! said I to the *Sicilian*, I know the *Spaniards* by this impious and cruel Catalogue, they must be great Lovers of Revenge, and I am not in the least surpris'd to hear it said that they have struck the sixth Commandment out of the Decalogue; for my Part, though I am a *Spaniard*, I am a strict Observer of it, and should be glad to keep all the rest as exactly. After what I have told you, replied *Roger*, it must be allowed that our *Catalan* Captain does not act contrary to Humanity at his Tribunal in Favour of Justice, upon which it is founded; for he
con-

condemns none to Death, unless their Actions deserve it, as appears from his Catalogue, which we Spies always carry in our Pockets, and call it our Breviary. At the same time he shewed me a little Manuscript in the *Castilian* Language, and obliged me to read a few Leaves, which among other Articles contained the following.

1. Let that Traytor be stabbed, who when he has engaged a Man in a dangerous Enterprize, leaves him the whole Trouble of extricating himself.

2. Let that Gallant be shot through the Head, who endeavours to debauch a Woman whose Husband is jealous of her Honour.

3. Let that Wretch perish by a Dagger who repays his Friend's Services with Ingratitude.

4. If any Scribler, either in Prose or Verse is rash enough to censure the Works of the Antients, it is meant of those great Men whose Memories are universally respected, we condemn him to the Punishment called by the *Romans* *Fustuarium* *.

5. Let that Author have two Cuts upon the Face, who defames the Character of an honest Citizen.

* Which was to be beat with large Rods.

By

By these one may judge of the other Articles in the Catalogue, which I returned to *Signior Madatori*, saying, I would prefer Slavery to such an Employ. You are to blame, replied *Roger*; now I am inured to it, I practice it without the least Remorse, and the large Profits arising, render it perfectly agreeable; that is the Thing to be considered. If you had tasted the Sweets of two or three Expeditions only, you would relish it as well as myself. We often make good Jobs of it; for Example, To-morrow Night we shall have one that will bring us thirty Pistoles, for which we have agreed. There is a young *Spanish* Gentleman, who is in Love with a rich Merchant's Wife, and the Gallant hovers round the Lady's House every Night. Her Spouse has promised a thousand Crowns, and has given the half before-hand, and is to pay us the Remainder the Day after the Operation.

Perhaps, said I, the *Spanish* Gentleman will not suffer himself to be so easily assassinated. I ask pardon, replied *Roger*. He is a Man who always goes alone; as if he apprehended no Danger. Being wholly taken up with his Love, and not in the least suspecting his Misfortune, it will be the more easy to surprize him. We were to have attack'd him this Night;
but

but Don Rodriguez, who will always follow his Rules, has made a Scruple to take away a Man's Life till he has been thoroughly acquainted with him. He knows his Name is Don *Christoval*, and that he is a *Castilian*. My saying that was sufficient, signified nothing: No, no, answered he, I must first know his Family, and leave you to discover it this Day, that nothing may interrupt us To-Morrow.

I trembled at the Name of Don *Christoval*, fearing it might be my old Master, who amused himself with an Amour while he was at *Florence*; and his Inclination for the fair Sex, with which I was well acquainted, added to my Fears. As I could not be easy under this Uncertainty, and that I might extricate this young Gentleman from the Danger he was in, should it prove to be him, I pretended to consent to be one of the Captain's Spies. You need only acquaint me, said I to *Madatori*, where this *Spaniard* lives who is condemned, and you may rest satisfied, that I will give you an Account of him this Evening. Roger imagining that I heartily embraced the Office, was extremely pleased, and complimented me upon it, and then informing me where Don *Christoval* lived, he left the Care of dis-

discovering his Relations to me, and went to acquaint his Companions, that for the future I should have a Share of the Money arising from their Expeditions.

It is impossible to express my Impatience till I saw Don *Christoval*, whose Life was in so much Danger. He lodged at an Inn very distant from ours, which was generally frequented by *Spaniards*; whither I repair'd, fully resolved to apprise this Don *Christoval*, let him be who he would, of the Danger that threatned him. I had no Occasion to apply myself to the Landlord for Information; for the first I met with at the Inn was Don *Christoval de Gaviria*. We instantly knew each other; I saluted him, and taking one of his Hands, kissed it with such a Transport of Joy that I was unable to utter a Word. As to his own part, whether his antient Friendship for me was revived, or whether he was moved by the Joy I expressed to see him again, he was certainly affected with my Eagerness, and embracing me, said, he was overjoyed to see me. Yes, honest Friend, continued he, I return thanks to Heaven, that has brought us together, after we had been separated for several Years. I have been travelling in *Italy* these fifteen Months, at the Desire of my Uncle the
Bishop

Bishop of *Salamanca*, and am glad I staid longer at *Florence* than any other Place, since I have met you. And pray, *Gonzalez*, how do you spend your time in this City? Are you in a good Employment? In short, what have you done since the unfortunate Time of our Separation?

I gave him a full Account of all my Adventures to my Acquaintance with *Reger* exclusively; and when I had done speaking, he replied, I am very glad, *Gonzalez*, that you are able to come to live with me again; but as it would not become a Person who has been a Viceroy's Page, to be a Gentleman's Footman, I will make you my Secretary. Does that suit you? Extraordinary well, Sir, said I; there is only one Circumstance that makes me uneasy. Perhaps the old Commander, who has such a Knack at confounding *Latin* Poets, will take it as ill that I should be your Secretary, as your Footman. The Commander is dead, replied he, and nothing can oppose our living together. Well, Sir, said I, since you please to have it so. I freely consent; place the same Confidence in me you did before, and I will shew the same Zeal in your Service. Give me leave to ask you what Employment Love has afforded you since you have been at *Florence*;

rence; for I make no doubt but some new *Barnardina* has bestowed her Favours upon you. It's very true, replied he, that I am in Pursuit of the Favours of a Merchant's beautiful young Wife, and have made my Addresses to her this Fortnight without Success; but I hate an ungrateful Woman. Her Husband who is an old Silk-Merchant sets out To-Morrow for *Sienna*, and returns in three Days. She has acquainted me with it, and I am to be introduced at Night into the House by means of a Footman whom I have engaged in my Interest. Beware of that, Dear Master, cried I, you will meet with Death instead of the Pleasures you expect.

These Words, which I uttered very seriously, astonish'd Don *Christoval*. *Gonzalez*, said he, explain yourself, how come you to talk in this Manner? Is it Fore-knowledge, or am I really in a Danger with which I am unacquainted. Yes, answered I, you are in the greatest Danger it is possible to run; and at the same Time related all that *Roger* had told me, and that hearing the Name of Don *Christoval* mention'd, I had pretended to be one of Don *Rodriguez's* Spies with the Design of saving an honest Man's Life. You have manag'd that Affair very artfully,

fully, said my Master, and I acknowledge my Obligations to you; but don't imagine that what these *Russians* project, shall prevent me from going to the Rendezvous. I will take three brave *Spanish* Gentlemen with me, who lodge at the same Inn, and will readily assist me to clear *Florence* of such Wretches.

I remonstrated to Don *Christoval* that he would act more prudently to prepare for his Departure from the City the next Morning at Break-of Day. This, answered he, is what I cannot in Honour consent to; it shall never be said that the Fear of being assassinated obliged me to leave the City. And must not you fly for it, reply'd I, if you should kill *Roger* and his Comrades? Oh, my Lad, said he, it is not the same Thing, there is no Shame in flying from Justice, when a Man is threatned to fall into its Hands.

C H A P

C H A P. IV.

Of the End of this Adventure, which alarmed Estevanille, and of his Departure from Florence with Don Christoval.

I Could by no Means approve of Signior *de Gaviria's* Resolution; and disputed the Affair with him, but to no Purpose, it was impossible to divert him from it. He went that Instant and acquainted the three *Spaniards* with it, who were to accompany him; and these Gentlemen embraced the Opportunity with as much Joy as if a Party of Pleasure had been proposed to them.

While they entertained themselves with this Expedition, I returned to my Inn, where, pursuant to what my Master and myself had concerted, I told *Roger*, that the Gentleman's Name, whose Family he desired to know, was *Don Christoval de Gaviria*, and that he had besides his illustrious Birth the Happiness of possessing a considerable Estate in *Aragon*, where he was born. That's sufficient, says *Roger*, To-Morrow we will give him

him a Pass-port into the next World, nor shall his Nobility, nor Estate prevent his taking that Journey. Accordingly the next Day as soon as Night came on, *Don Rodriguez's* Spies disposed themselves to give the Blow, each being armed with a long Rapier, a Poignard and a Pistol; They lay in Ambuscade near the Lady's House, who was the Cause of these deadly Preparations, and did not wait long for *Don Christoval*; But perceiving him attended by three Gentlemen who immediately drew their Swords, instead of attacking him, they thought proper to retire, when they had discharged their Pistols at the *Spaniards*, with such Precipitation, that they could do no Execution. Signior *De Gavarria* and his Friends pursued them in vain, having to do with People who were superior to them in running, especially *Roger*, who would make a large Distance between himself and his Enemy in an Instant.

Don Christoval had now nothing more to do than to enter the Merchant's House, and to revenge himself fully on the jealous Husband, who had put a Price upon his Head; but he chose rather to renounce his Revenge, than to continue an Amour, that might be attended with fatal

fatal Consequences. Therefore he returned to his Inn with the other *Spaniards*; and thus this Adventure ended, which would have been more bloody if Don *Rodriguez's* Spies had not been arrant Cowards. However, Faint-hearted as they were, they put me into terrible Fears. Signior *Gonzalez*, says *Madatori* to me the next Day, may one ask you what Present you had from Don *Christoval* for advising him to be upon his Guard last Night; for I am persuaded without your Notice he would have come alone to the Rendezvous. I would have denied the Fact, but *Roger* silenced me, by saying, Friend, tell that to another, don't add a Lie to your Treachery. My Comrades and myself make no doubt but you have done Signior *de Gaviria* that Piece of Service. You have played us this Trick; and for my part I forgive you, but cannot answer for my Countryman and the *Venetian*; Your best Way is to take Care of yourself.

Upon this Caution I thought myself obliged to shew some Courage, and said to *Madatori*, if those Gentlemen attack me I will defend myself. Though I am not a Man of Courage naturally, I am one of those Heroes who can fight desperately

rately when I am pushed upon it. So much the better for you, replied he; for should they meet you accidentally, all the Courage you are Master of will be scarce sufficient to get safe out of their Hands. Roger, whose Design was only to affright me, succeeded so well by his Discourse, and gave me so great a Terror, that not thinking myself safe in my own Inn, I went immediately away to lodge with Don *Christoval*. Besides this Precaution I took Care not to walk in the City or Parts adjacent, lest I should have an Occasion to exercise my Bravery to some Purpose. I led a Hares Life, as they call it, for a Week; but at the End of that Time my Master received a Letter from *Spain*, which delivered me from all my Trouble.

The Bishop of *Salamanca* sent his Nephew Word to repair immediately to *Saragossa*, to marry the only Daughter of Count de *Villamediana*, Governour of that City: And the Prelate further added, that he designed to perform the Ceremony himself. Don *Christoval*, who paid an entire Obedience to his Uncle, hastened to depart from *Florence* with his Valet de Chambre, and one Footman, to wait at *Leghorn* for the Opportunity of going over to *Spain*.

C H A P. V.

They embark at Leghorn and go to Barcelona; from whence they repair to Saragossa. Don Christoval's Marriage, and the Consequences of it.

WE were inform'd upon our Arrival at *Leghorn*, that a *Spanish Vessel* would sail for *Barcelona* in three Days: we took this Opportunity to return to *Spain*, and our Voyage was so prosperous, that we made an End of it without the least Storm, and what is a Wonder in those Seas, without meeting a *Corfsair* of *Barbary*; and were no sooner landed but we hired Mules to go to *Saragossa*.

When we were in that celebrated Capital of *Arragon*, we went to the first Inn, *Don Christoval* being unwilling to shew himself at the Count de *Villamediana's*, or appear in a Travelling Habit before his Mistress whom he had not seen before: But an Hour after our Arrival, a Servant of the Bishop of *Salamanca's* came to us. Sir, said he, to *Don Christoval*,

I have been seeking for you from Inn to Inn by my Lord your Uncle's Order who has been this Week at *Saragossa*. He lodges at the Governor's, where there is an Apartment provided for you, and those two Lords wait for you with Impatience, I will go and acquaint them that you are in Town, knowing I cannot carry them more agreeable News.

I knew the Footman who spoke to my Master to be my old Schoolfellow *Mansano*, whom I left at the Bishop of *Salamanca's*. He remembered me likewise, and looking earnestly upon me, cried out, What *Estevanille* ! Yes, my Lad, said I, my lucky Stars have made me find my Master again, who has been so kind as to take me into his Service. I am heartily glad of it, replied he, and can assure you that all my Master's Domesticks will partake of my Joy, as soon as they are acquainted that you are restored to the Place you had lost.

Then Don *Christoval* said to his Uncle's Servant, honest Friend, you have without Doubt seen the Lady designed for me ; does her Beauty deserve the Hast I have made to share my Fortune with her's ? Sir, replied *Mansano*, *Donna Anna* will gain nothing by my Description of her ; she is one of those Beauties it is impos-

sible to describe but to a Disadvantage, and upon which Nature has diffused such Graces, as deprive Mankind of seeing their Faults. You must see her to do her the Justice she deserves, and I can only tell you that my Lord could not have made a better Choice. After such an Assurance, replied Signior *de Gaviria* smiling, I have no room to doubt of my Happiness, and trust to your Judgment. Go, *Mansano*, added he, go and acquaint your Master that I shall wait on him in a few Minutes.

The Footman returned to the Bishop of *Salamanca*, and Don *Christoval* prepared himself to appear before *Donna Anna*. He dressed himself very genteely; and when he thought nothing more could be added to set him off, he repaired to his Uncle. The tender-hearted Prelate wept with Joy to see him, and embracing him, said, My Dear Don *Christoval*, how happy will your Return make me, if you approve of the Design I have formed. The Count *Villamediana*, my old Friend is willing upon my account to give you the Preference to several Gentlemen, who seek his Daughter in Marriage. This Alliance appeared to me so advantageous for you, that I have engaged your Consent without consulting you; but do not

K

think

think that I pretend to tyrannize over you. You shall see *Donna Anna* to Day; and, if you have an Inclination for her, you shall marry her in a Week: If on the contrary you dislike her, you shall not marry her; and moreover, if the Lady disapproves you, the Engagement shall be void. This is the Agreement between her Father and myself, to avoid the Misfortune of uniting two Persons not destined for each other.

My Lord, answered my Master, I ought to be accountable to you for the Tenderness you have for me; but I know not whether I have Reason to rejoice upon this Subject, which though it is managed with Prudence, is not the less dangerous. *Donna Anna* is perhaps pre-engaged; and even if she was not, she may charm me, and at the same Time may conceive a perfect Aversion to me. It is good to be modest, said the Prelate with a Smile, but at your Age, and with your Air, a little Confidence is not improper. I will tell you farther for your Encouragement, that I have too good an Opinion of your Person to imagine that a young Lady can be unkind to you. This we shall soon prove, continued he; I must first present you to the Count *de Vallamediana*, and then we will go and pay

pay our Respects to the Countess and her Daughter, and when he had said this, the Bishop of *Salamanca* conducted his Nephew to the Governor's Apartment.

It is impossible for any one to be more graciously received than Don *Christoval* was by this Lord who, being amazed at his Air, could not forbear saying, that *Donna Anna* must be extremely difficult not to be satisfied with such a Gentleman. The Prelate on his Part made an Encomium upon the Lady, and said very politely that he would answer his Nephew's Heart would surrender at the first Glance of her Eyes. Nevertheless, though the Bishop and Count seemed persuaded of what they said, they still apprehended lest some Caprice should confound their Project. Therefore to know the Result of it, they hastened to conduct the young Gentleman to the Governesses's Apartment, where they found *Donna Anna* finely dressed, and very gay. Nothing but Compliments passed this first Visit, without a Word of the Alliance projected, being resolved before they entered upon the Subject, that the two Persons concerned should have no Dislike to each other.

As soon as the Count had an Opportunity of speaking in Private to his

Daughter, he asked her Opinion of Don *Christoval*, and whether she would chuse him for a Husband. She answered very freely, that if she was ordered to join Hands with him, she should obey without Scruple. As to my Master, he did not wait till his Uncle asked him the same Question, to acknowledge that the Governor of *Saragossa's* Daughter had triumphed over his Liberty; for, indeed, from that Moment this Lady wholly possessed his Mind. Ah! *Gonzalez*, said he to me, I have seen *Donna Anna*. *Mansano* spoke Truth; she is a Person who cannot be described without doing Injustice to her Charms. She has, without Doubt, some Faults; but her Eyes dart such Glances as discompose the Mind, and will not suffer them to be coolly examined. Dear Master, said I to Don *Christoval*, you are highly raptured with *Donna Anna*, and the Lady perhaps is a little in the same Condition. I dare not flatter myself to be so happy, answered he. Fie Sir, replied I, you know not what you say, have a better Opinion of our own Sex. If young Men are affected at the Sight of the Girls, how can you imagine that the Girls can endure the Presence of young Men without being moved? If I was in your Place,

Place, I should think better of my Merit, and imagine, that I had enflamed the Heart of that Lady who had disturbed mine.

Signior *de Gaviria* was not long without being informed that he had pleased the Governor's Daughter. The Count being acquainted by the Bishop of *Salamanca*, of the Impression the Lady had made upon Don *Christoval*, ordered Preparations to be made for the Marriage without Delay, which was celebrated a few Days after, with all the Magnificence answerable to their Quality. Great Rejoycings were made on this Occasion; the Governor gave a Ball, at which the Principal Nobility of *Arragon* were present. In the midst of their Mirth, a Gentleman masked, and in a *French Habit*, came up to my Master, and said softly to him, squeezing his Hand. *Sir, I desire you would meet me To-morrow M rning at Sun Rising upon the Plain that leads to Gallego, to receive the Compliment I design you upon your Marriage, and which can be made only in private.* The brave Don *Christoval* answered him without Hesitation. *Whosoever you be, depend upon my coming; and perhaps I shall be there first.*

My Master affected to give this Answer in so pleasant a Manner, and with so composed a Countenance, that not one of the Company had the least Suspicion of what had passed. Towards the End of the Ball, which lasted all Night, he left the Company privately; and under a Pretence of taking the Cool of the Morning, by walking along the Ebro, ordered a good Horse to be ready to set out from the Governor's, and soon reached the Plain which leads to *Gallego*. The Person unknown waited for him at the Entrance into the Village; they perceived each other at the same Time, and putting their Horses forward presently met. Don *Christoval* spoke first, and said to the Person unknown, who was still masked, I remember you again, and before you pay the Compliment, you intend upon my Marriage, acquaint me who you are, and what Affair we have to dispute. I have no other Intention, replied the Person unknown; know then that my Name is Don *Melchior de Rida*. I am one of those unfortunate Lovers who sought *Donna Anna* in Marriage, and whom the Count her Father has sacrificed to you. I am too jealous of your Happiness to endure it; and since I have been so unfortunate as not to obtain

tain the Object of my Love, am resolved not to see her in the Possession of another. When he had spoke thus, he quitted his Horse, and fastened him to a Tree: My Master did the same, and a rough-Combat ensued.

Don *Melchior*, who was as dextrous a Fencer as Don *Christoval*, gave him a Wound under the left Pap; but the Point luckily glanced upon the Ribs. Signior *Gaviria*, to be revenged, made several strong Thrusts at him, which were as dextrously parryed, and returned by the other, but he had the good Fortune to escape them. In short, the two Combatants tilted above a quarter of an Hour with equal Fury, and the Victory did not seem to lean either on one Side or the other. Nevertheless, Heaven being pleased to favour the Justness of my Master's Cause upon this Occasion, permitted him to give his Enemy a decisive Thrust, which laid him dead at his Feet. Thus ended the Duel; after which the Conqueror mounted his Horse and returned to *Saragossa*, leaving the unfortunate Gentleman that challenged him, upon the Field of Battle.

As soon as Don *Christoval* at his Return to the Governor's, had related the Particulars of this Adventure to his Fa-

ther-in-Law and his Uncle, they consulted together, and resolved, since Don *Malchior's* Family had considerable Interest at Court, that my Master should conceal himself till the Affair was accommodated. It was some Time before they could agree upon the Place of his Retreat, which was at length to be at the Castle of *Rodenas*, belonging to the Bishop of *Albarazin*, an intimate Acquaintance of the Count's.

My Master passed that Day in Preparations for his Departure, and concerting the Method with his Father and Uncle how to convey Letters to each other. At length retiring into his Lady's Apartment, he passed two Thirds of the Night with her in condoling upon the Separation, which came so soon to disturb the Pleasures of their Marriage. He went away a little before Day-Light, with his *Valet de Chambre*, one Footman, and myself, all Four mounted upon the best Horse in the Governor's Stable: in three Days we reached the Borough of *Longarez*, from whence continuing our Journey with the same Expedition, we went to lay at the City of *Daroca*.

C H A P. VI.

Don Christoval and Gonzalez arrive at the Castle of Rodenas. In what Manner they were received by the Bishop of Albarazin.

WE set out very early the next Morning, and by a beaten Road between the Mountains arrived at *Villafanca*, where we stopp'd; and enquiring for the Castle of *Rodenas*, had the Pleasure to be informed, that we were within less than a League of it, and even that the Bishop of *Albarazin* was actually there. *Don Christoval*, upon this News, dispatched me to speak to the Prelate, and to deliver a Letter into his own Hand, which the Count *de Villamediana* had writ to his Lordship, praying him to grant his Son-in-Law a Sanctuary.

I made Haste to the Castle, which appear'd to be very magnificent, and kept in good Order, and had no sooner said that I came from the Governour of *Saragossa*, but I was conducted to his Lordship, who being a great Admirer of Musick, was diverting himself with a Concert in the Hall. He rose immediately as soon as he was acquainted with my Arrival, and came to meet me. I delivered the Count's Letter to him, which, when he had opened and read it, he conducted me to his Closet, where he spoke to me in the following Manner. The

Count *de Villamediana* does me too great an Honour by preferring this Castle to any other *Asylum* he might have procured for his Son-in-Law. I am so sensible of this fresh Mark of his Friendship, that I shall do the utmost in my Power to acknowledge it. Return to *Saragossa*, continued he, and assure the Governor, that I expect *Don Christoval* with Impatience. My Lord, said I, you will not wait long for him; he is not far from hence; I left him at an Inn at *Villafranca*. So much the better, replied the Prelate; go immediately, and conduct him to my Castle, where you may tell him he shall be received by one of his Father in Law's best Friends.

I soon returned to my Master, who, upon my Report of the Bishop of *Albarazin's* good Disposition in his Favour, departed immediately from *Villafranca* for the Castle of *Rodenas*, whither I conducted him. This Prelate did not contradict his Discourse by his Actions; he received *Don Christoval* in the most obliging Manner imaginable, and had a long Conversation with him upon the Duel he had fought; and then entertained him with a Supper accompanied with Musick; and when that was ended, he himself conducted him to the finest Apartment in the Castle, and there left him to repose himself till the next Day. To

To do the Bishop Justice, he was one of those, who at that Time, did most Honour to a Bishoprick: He was descended from the Family of *Ozorio*, and had an Income added to his Nobility which put him in a Condition to live elegantly, to keep a fine Equipage, and to entertain a Set of Musicians for his Diversion. He was a charitable Man besides, and one who gave his Superfluities to the Poor, but unfortunately for them, he extended his Necessaries a little too far.

My Lord shewed his Guest all the Gardens belonging to the Castle the next Day, which well deserved to be seen. Here a fine Flower Garden adorned with a Thousand Sorts of the most beautiful Flowers, and Walks bordered with fine Trees made an agreeable Prospect; there a Water-work supplied by the River *Xiloa*, which is in the Neighbourhood, played very high in the Air, and fell with a great Noise into Marble-Basons. In another Place large Aeries offered the most curious Sorts of Birds to your View. In short these Gardens seemed to be the Work of the Fairies. And indeed the Prelate who had them cultivated with so much Care and Expence was more frequently at *Rodenas*, than at his Episcopal Palace of *Albarazin*, which is but Six Leagues Distance from hence.

C H A P. VII.

Gonzalez leaves the Castle of Rodenas to return to Saragossa; he loses his Way and lays in a Hermitage.

TWO Days after our Arrival at Rodenas, Don Christoval said to me; Gonzalez, we are here placed in a charming Solitude, and what still gives me the greater Pleasure is, that we are with a Gentleman who thoroughly understands what belongs to Hospitality; so that I think we ought to acquaint the Count Villamediana my Father-in-Law with it. He will be charmed when he knows what a vast Respect has been paid me; and you must set out To-morrow to give him an Account of it.

Accordingly I made myself ready to return to Saragossa, and set out with a long Letter, which he gave me for the Governor, and another still longer for Donna Anna. I had one likewise from the Bishop, who very courteously sent the Count Word, that he was much obliged to him for having sent him so amiable

ble a Guest as Don *Christoval*. I past by *Villafranca*, from whence pursuing my Way through the Mountains, I got to the Source of the *Guerva*. In this Place I lost my Way; for, instead of keeping close to this little River on the Side of *Daroca*, I got on the other Side, and after a few Hours riding found myself near a Kind of Hermitage; at the Door of which there was an old Man, whose venerable Air made me look on him with Respect. He wore a long Robe of a dark coarse Cloth, and had a plain Network-Cap on his Head; a large grey Beard hung down on his Breast, and he held a Chaplet of Beads in his Hand.

Father, says I to him, pray be so good as to acquaint me where I am, and whether there is any Inn near this Place. You are, replied he, two Leagues from *Belchita*, and three from *Romana*, and will not meet with any Lodging till you get to one of these Places, the Day being too far spent for you to reach there before Night; if you will accept of a Lodging in my Hermitage, you are very welcome, and To-morrow Morning you may proceed on your Journey. Mistrust, says a *Castilian* Author, is the Mother of Safety, so that I was some Time at a Loss what Resolution to make. The good Hermit

Hermit suspected my Thoughts, and said with a Smile, Sir, don't let my Hermit's Dress give you any Uneasiness, for the same Habit is sometimes worn by very honest Men. These Words dissipated my Fears, and I alighted, giving Heaven Thanks for so lucky an Adventure.

The old Man immediately conducted me into a Court, where he called his Servant who was likewise in a Hermit's Dress, and bad him take Care of my Horse; after which he led me into a Hall surrounded with Benches; the Walls of which were covered with Pictures, representing *St. Anthony*, *St. Pacome*, and several Other Anchorets. From thence carrying me into a little Chamber, in which were two very indifferent Beds; says he, one of these is for myself, and the other for any unfortunate Gentleman who travels this Way. After this we went into the Chapel where the good old Man usually performed his Devotions, and from thence he conducted me into a vast Garden full of all Sorts of Fruit-Trees. He desired me to observe 'em, saying, take Notice of these Trees, they serve me instead of Butchers and Bakers, and are my only Nourishments. My Servant and I live all the Year upon the Fruits they produce; for we want no other

other Provisions. We leave the Sheep, and other Animals that Men destroy to gratify their Sensuality, to feed on the Mountains or in the Plains; and are so far from spreading Nets for the Birds, that we take Pleasure in seeing them enjoy their Liberty in the Air. We eat nothing but Fruit, and we drink nothing but Water. Our Cellar is in this Garden; a Fountain of clear Water far excelling the most delicious Wines. You would be of the same Opinion, if you had led a Hermit's Life in this Place only three Months.

I smil'd at these Words, which gave the Anchoret an Occasion to tell me, that my Taste was vitiated. Oh! very much vitiated indeed, Father, said I; but say what you please in Commendation of it, I think some *Spanish* and *Italian* Wines I have tasted are far preferable to your Liquor. If so, said he, I am heartily sorry I have nothing but Water to give you with my Fruit. I replied ——— Don't let this give you the least Uneasiness; I am a Lover of Fruit, and to be without Wine one Night can do me no Injury. We walked round the Garden; after which, my Host carried me into his Refectory, it being a little Hall or Dining-Room, upon the Walls whereof were several Sentences in Praise

The HISTORY of
Praise of Sobriety. We sat down at a Table; whereon was neither Cloth nor Napkins, but only two earthen Plates, a Dish filled with several Sorts of Fruits, a great Pitcher, and two Goblets; all of Earthen-Ware.

Tho' I eat and drank little, yet in Return, this frugal Repast was seasoned with the agreeable and solid Discourse of the Hermit on the Contempt of the Things of this World. As I was charmed with his Conversation; Father, said I, by your Discourse, I fancy you have gone through some extraordinary Scenes in Life; and was not the Liberty too great, I would beg you to acquaint me by what Series of Adventures you are come to live in this Hermitage: Child said he, I will satisfy your Curiosity with all my Heart, and hope you will reap some Advantage from what I shall relate in Compliance to your Request, and thus began.

C H A P. VIII.

The History of the Hermit.

THE ancient and famous City of Pampelona, the Capital of Navarre, is the Place where I was born, and I am
of

of the Family of the *Peraltas*, to which some of the Kings of that Kingdom have not disdained to be allied. As soon as my Father Don *Francisco de Peralta* saw I was in a Condition to bear Arms, he sent me to serve in *Italy*, where I passed my Youth: Afterwards I went to *Flanders*, from whence upon the Conclusion of a Peace, after a War of some Years, I returned to my own Country; there I led an idle Life with some other Gentlemen of my own Age; Hunting, Gaming, Cavalcades and Gallantry were all our Amusements. The Sight of the most beautiful Ladies made no Impression upon me; not one was capable to inflame me. I ran round the Torch of Love, if I may be allowed to say so, without Hurt; but in the End was burnt by it.

Preparations were made for a Tournament at *Pampelona* to celebrate the Birth of an Infant, and all the young Gentlemen were making Preparations to dispute the Prize. The Curiosity of seeing this Entertainment drew to the City a great Number of Persons from *Navarre*, as well as from *Castile*, *Biscay* and *Arragon*. Among others there came from *Burgos* an old Gentleman, whose Name was Don *Gaspar d' Honis*, accompanied by *Donna Ines* his Daughter. He went to lodge
with

with *Donna Juanna*, *Ximenes* his Sister, a rich Widow settled at *Pampelona*. I had a Sister called *Leonora*, who lived in a strict Friendship with *Donna Juanna*; and as these two Ladies saw one another every Day, *Leonora* immediately made an Acquaintance with *Donna Ines*, who gained her Friendship by professing the same for her.

As my Sister was charmed with such a Friend, she was continually talking to me of the pretty *Castilian*; for so she called *Don Gaspard's* Daughter. Brother, said she, what a lovely Creature *Ines* is! Her Wit is equal to her Beauty; she is perfectly accomplished; how happy will that Man be who has the Fortune to be her Husband. These Words, which *Leonora* repeated to me every Moment with Abundance of Emotion, made no Impression on me; so far from inspiring me with a violent Desire to see a Lady so much commended by another, I laugh'd at the Eulogium, and told my Sister that this Lady she so highly extoll'd might perhaps have more bad Qualities than good ones. In a Word, the hand-somer People spoke of the pretty *Castilian*, the less I desired to see her.

I enjoyed the Sweets of a happy Indifference at that Time, though I knew several

veral Ladies very well qualify'd to make me lose it; but the Day of the Tournament was come, which proved the most unfortunate Day of my Life, and I cannot reflect upon it without calling to Mind the Misfortunes that have followed it. I was entring the Lifts, waiting for the Time of engaging, with my Lance in the Rest; when casting my Eyes up at a Balcony where my Sister sat, I discovered a young Lady talking with her, at the Sight of whom I was in Raptures. It is *Donna Ines*, says I; I know her by the Disorder I feel at present, and find that Love has reveng'd her Cause on Account of the little Regard I paid to what *Leonora* said of her.

The Desire I had to prepossess a Lady in my Favour by some grand Exploit, whom I began to love, made me exert myself so prodigiously, that I was one of the Cavaliers who gained the most Honour that Day. My Sister, who was as much over-joyed as myself at the Applause I received from the Spectators, took Care to make her Friend observe me, and to tell her who I was. After the Jufts were ended, as soon as I saw *Leonora*, I asked her very earnestly who the Lady was I saw with her in the Balcony. It was *Donna Ines*, answer'd my Sister, what do you think of

of her? Though you examined her but little, you must certainly have been very much charmed with her. I have looked at her only too much, reply'd I, and am quite dazzled with her Beauty, or rather have felt all the Power of it. At the same Time that I was considered as a Conqueror in the Tournament, to my Sorrow I confessed I was conquered by Don Gaspar's Daughter. Brother, reply'd *Leonora*, I am not at all surprized at your being so much in Love with *Donna Ines*, and am the more pleased at it, because it may be in my Power to serve you. The Friendship that is between this Lady and myself makes me entertain great Hopes of it.

I improved the favourable Disposition in which I saw my Sister, and managed Matters so well, that she charged herself with a Letter, in which I declared my Sentiments to the pretty *Castilian* in the most passionate Terms. The Strefs I laid upon her Mediation, and the good Opinion young People naturally have of their own Merit, made me easy upon the Success of my Letter, and really I was not deceived. Brother, says *Leonora* to me a few Days after, I have some good News to tell you: *Donna Ines* made some Difficulty at first to receive your Letter; but
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at length I spoke to her, and she listened to me. She has a great Esteem for you, and consents that you should ask Leave of her Father to marry her when he comes back from *Biscay*, where he is gone about some Affairs that may detain him two or three Months. In the mean Time she condescends to receive your Addresses, provided you pay them privately; saying, that in regard to her Reputation she is obliged to keep within Bounds during Don *Gaspard's* Absence. She will not admit of any Musick under her Windows at Night, either of Voices, Flutes, or Guitars: In a Word, she forbids all noisy Gallantry. This, I own, is very vexatious for a *Spaniard*; but in Return you are allowed the Liberty of Writing, and you may even flatter yourself that you will be honoured with an Answer.

Leonora was sensible of the Violence of my Passion, by the Extasy I was in at this Discourse; and I know not, considering her Tenderness for me, whether the Pleasure she felt at my excessive Joy was not equal to that she gave me. The good Offices of a Sister, who had my Interest so much at Heart, were of infinite Service to me. During two Months I not only kept a Correspondence by Letters with the pretty *Castilian*, but even had some Conversa-

Conversation with her by Night through a little Grate that looked into a Lane behind her Aunt's House. Hitherto every Thing went admirably well, and according to my own Desire, but notwithstanding, while Love was so propitious, Fortune, jealous of my Happiness, turned every Thing Topſy-turvy:

Don *Gaspard* came back from *Biscay*, and resolving to return to *Burgos* with his Daughter, I felt all the Uneasiness of a Lover, who is afraid of being separated from the Object of his Wishes; and *Donna Ines* herself seemed to be equally concerned. By good luck for me, *Donna Juanna*, who was very fond of her Niece, would not consent to her being taken away; so that Don *Gaspard* not daring to disoblige a rich Sister in that Particular, whose Estate was to be inherited by his Children, he was so complaisant as to leave his Daughter with her. My Fear of losing *Donna Ines* was no sooner over, but I had more Reason than ever to be under the same Apprehensions; For *Leonora* being one Day at *Donna Ines's* House with several other Ladies, a Messenger entered the Room, where the Company was, and delivered a Letter to the beautiful *Castilian*, who retired towards the Alcove, and opened it. As she was reading, my Sister
observed

observed her, and remarked by the Gaiety of her Countenance, that in all Appearance the Letter she read contained something very agreeable. Besides, *Leonora* took Notice, that after *Ines* had read the Letter, she called her Servant, and whispered something in her Ear, who answered her loud enough to be understood, that she advised her to follow her own Inclination.

After my Sister had given me this Account, and communicated her Remarks, we began to make Comments upon the whole, that were very displeasing to me; and concluded that I had a Rival who was not unsuccessful. All our Conjectures terminating there, nothing remained but to discover who the Gentleman was that disputed Don *Gaspard's* Daughter with me. To make this Discovery, we secured *Theodora* the Lady's Waiting-Woman in our Interest by some Presents, who gave us an Account of the Affair: She informed us that Don *Martin de Trevigno*, one of the richest Gentlemen of *Biscay*, was in Love with her Mistress, and that they kept a Correspondence by Letters: Moreover, added she, I promise to shew you the Answer she returns to the last Letter from your Rival; for all her
Dis-

Dispatches pass through my Hands, and I deliver them to the Messenger.

I begged *Theodora* to keep her Promise, which she did not fail to do.

The Answer *Donna Ines* sent to her *Biscayner*.

I AM extremely pleased to find that you have at length obtained the Title of Knight of St. James's, which you so much desired, and has so long deprived me of the Pleasure of seeing the only Object of my Wishes: I shall, without Dispute, be over-joy'd at the speedy Return with which you flatter me; but remember I forbid your coming to Pampelona for particular Reasons. Go to Burgos, and use your Endeavours to persuade my Father to send for me Home, notwithstanding my Aunt's Uneasiness to part with me, who, I must own, makes me pay dear for being her Heir. Adieu, and may I see you again as much in Love as I am tender and faithful

DONNA INES.

It is impossible to express what I felt when I had read this Letter, which acquainted me upon what Terms the perfidious *Donna Ines* and *Don Martin* were together; and stood in need of my Sister's Advice to preserve my Senses, which the prudent Girl recovered me so dexterously, that instead of abandoning myself to my Passion, and loading the Coquet with Reproaches, I took a Resolution to dissemble the Affair. *Leonora* followed my Example, and *Don Gaspard's* Daughter, imagining on her side, that we were ignorant of what passed, still continued to behave herself to us in the same manner, while we endeavoured which should conceal their Thoughts best; I went so far as to write Letters to her as passionate as ever, which she answered in Terms more passionate than my own.

While we lived in this cordial manner together, *Don Gaspard* arrived at *Pamplona*, with the Design of taking his Daughter with him to *Burgos*, whither *Don Martin* had already repaired. But *Donna Juanna* still opposed *Ines's* Departure; and notwithstanding all the Reasons her Brother could urge, would never consent to it. *Don Gaspard* not daring to disoblige a
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Sister

Sister who might possibly have revenged herself in her Will, would not contradict her any longer, and went so far as to quit *Burgos* to come and live with her at *Pampelona*. *Donna Ines* would very willingly have dispensed with her Aunt's Friendship; and not doubting but the *Biscayner* would soon arrive, she foresaw that it would meet with some Difficulty to deceive us both. With all her Artifice, she was not a little uneasy, and I believe would have been more so, if she had known that I was acquainted with her Intrigue.

Don Martin de Trevigno appeared soon after at *Pampelona* with a good Equipage, having several Footmen in rich Liveries, and made a Figure suitable to a Knight of his Order. The first time I saw him was at Church, where *Don Gaspar's* Daughter was at Mass. As soon as I saw him, I trembled without knowing the Reason; or to speak better, my mind forebode me that he was the terrible Rival *Theodora* had mentioned, of which he soon after convinced me. He accosted *Donna Ines*, and making her a Bow with a very gallant Air; the Lady, though she saw I observed her, received him in such a manner that I was almost dead with Jealousy: Instead of checking herself to avoid giving

giving me the Pain of being a Witness of her Favours to another, she gave him the kindest Looks imaginable, and pierced my Heart with the Marks of Love she shewed him. When she went out of the Church he accompanied her to her Aunt's, where he entered with her, like one who had *Don Gaspard's* Consent, while I returned home full of Rage and Malice, abandoning myself to the most cruel Transports of Jealousy imaginable.

Donna Ines however having probably considered, that I could not be unconcerned at the gracious Reception she had given to her Knight of St. *James*, took the Trouble of writing a Letter to me in the Evening, in which she acquainted me that I ought not to be alarmed at the Gentleman I had seen at Church; that he was an intimate Friend of her Father's, and as such she could not with Decency refuse to return his Civilities; but that her whole Behaviour to him was the Effect of Good-manners, in which her Heart was no way concerned: In short, there was but one Man in the World she could love, and that I was the happy Mortal.

This treacherous Billet stung me to the Soul, and made me resolve to be revenged; to which purpose I disguised myself the same Night, and lay in Ambus-

cade near the House where *Ines* lived, with an Intention to attack my Rival, if I met him, and was scarce got to the Door before a little Page came out, who drawing near to me, asked me with a low Voice, if I was Signior *Don Martin*? Yes, replied I, in the same Tone. Upon which the Page immediately put a Paper into my Hands, telling me at the same time, that *Donna Ines* his Mistress desired me to follow the Directions in that Letter. I assured him, I would, and gave him a double Pistole; with which the blundering little Fellow went away, as pleased as if he had executed his Commission perfectly well. I immediately returned home very impatient to know what this Billet contained, and opening it found the following Words.

“ Yes, *Don Martin*, I will keep the
“ Promise I made you to-day; to-morrow
“ at Midnight I shall be at the little
“ Garden Gate.”

These Words redoubled my Fury, and you may imagine that, as I breathed nothing but Revenge, I had a terrible Night of it. The Time seemed to pass very tediously before Day appeared, and the Day itself passed as heavily. In short, my Patience was gone, when at length the wished-for Hour came; upon which

which I immediately repaired to the little Garden Gate, where my Rival appeared in a Moment afterwards. He advanced forward to come in ; but, drawing close to him, Hold, says I, *Don Martin*, and know that I am *Don Felix de Peralta*, who am come to disturb your Joy ; *Don Gaspard's* perfidious Daughter has encouraged my Addresses during your Absence, and as a Proof of it has wrote several Letters to me : Therefore in Revenge for her Treachery, I am resolved to deprive her of the agreeable Conversation she proposes to have with you to-night.

The *Biscayner* being affronted at this Discourse, replied, *Don Felix*, you are very audacious and unjust at the same time, to prevent my speaking to a Lady, with whom I have been in Love near six Years, and who, I must tell you, favours my Pretensions : If she has dissembled a Regard for you to divert herself at your Expence, I disapprove of her Conduct, a Gentleman of your Birth deserves other Usage ; but you will give me leave to doubt whether she has carried her Dissimulation so far as to write to you. The Gentlemen of *Navarre* are well known to boast of Ladies Favours which they have never received.

This is an Affront, *Don Martin*, replied I, and your presuming to doubt my receiving Letters from *Ines* will be the Cause of a Duel between us. Besides, I would have you to know, that the Gentlemen of *Navarre* have as great a Regard to Truth, as those of *Biscay*.

When I had said this, I put my Hand to my Sword, and the Knight of St. *James* soon drew his own. We fought courageously on both sides, but *Don Martin* unluckily endeavouring to parry a Thrust I made him with his Buckler, succeeded so ill, that I ran him very deep into the Throat with my Sword, and killed him. I left him stretched on the Ground, and slipping into the Garden, the Door of which I found half open, I met with *Donna Ines*, who was walking with *Theodora*, and waiting for her Knight.

Ah! you Traitors! said I, accosting her in a rough manner, You false, faithless Creature, you shall deceive me no more. I am acquainted with your Treachery, and have this Instant revenged myself by killing my Rival. I wish this Moment you had loved him a thousand times more than you do, that I might increase your Pain by acquainting you of his Death, and punish you for your
Infi-

Infidelity. What comforts me under the Necessity I am in to quit my Family and my Country, is that I am likewise going to separate myself from you for ever.

When I had pronounced these Words with all the Resolution of a Man-capable of listening at that time to nothing but his Passion, I went out of the Garden, where I left *Donna Ines* fainting in the Arms of her Maid.

I made all the Haste I could to my Father's House, whom I was obliged to awake, to inform him of the melancholy Accident which had happened. He was the more surpris'd at it, being ignorant 'till then of my Love for *Don Gaspard's* Daughter; and was the more concerned, seeing I was forced to make my Escape, lest I should fall into the Hands of Justice. However, considering here was no Remedy for this Misfortune, he gave me a Purse of Gold with some Jewels, and oblig'd me to leave his House before Day-break, mounted upon one of his best Horses. I cross'd *Navarre*, and travelled very hard towards the Province of *Catalonia*, without resting 'till I got to *Barcelona*; and even then embark'd in a hurry on board a *Genoese* Vessel bound for *Genoa*.

As soon as I found myself in *Italy*, I grew easy, and being in a Condition to

travel in so fine a Country, I formed a Design of making the Tour of it; and having seen what was most curious at *Genoa*, hired a Horse, my own being sold before I embarked. Then taking the Way of *Lombardy*, I arrived at *Milan*, where I remained six Months.

At the time I took leave of my Father, we agreed that I should write to him from the Places where I made any Stay, and direct my Letters to a Friar of *Pampelona*, a Friend of his, who would deliver them into his own Hands. Accordingly we made use of this Method of corresponding together. My Father sent me the News that *Don Gaspard's* Daughter was so grieved at the Death of *Trevigno*, that she had retired into a Convent; he acquainted me at the same time, with a Report spread in *Navarre*, that a Brother of *Don Martin* intending to revenge the Death of the Deceased, had left *Biscay*, and was in pursuit of me from Town to Town. Though this News gave me but little Uneasiness, I thought it proper to be on my Guard to prevent being surprised, concealing my Name, and not acquainting any body what Part of *Spain* I came from.

Growing weary of *Milan*, I bought a good Horse, with a Design to make the
Tour

Tour of *Italy*, and set out for *Parma*. Towards the End of the second Day's Journey, being very pensive, I left a Road, that would have brought me to an Inn, to follow a Path, which led me into a Country set with Thickets and Hedges, and endeavouring to go back into the Road I had first left, (which was another piece of Indiscretion,) instead of rectifying my Mistake, I got into a narrow Passage, out of which I could not find my Way, being overtaken by the Night. In this Place I was obliged to wait for Day, and alighting, after I had unbridled my Horse, to let him feed at Discretion, I laid myself on the Grass, hoping Sleep would supply the want of Nourishment.

I had just began to close my Eyes, when I heard the dismal Noise of Birds of ill Omen, accompanied now and then by a doleful Voice; upon which I arose, and endeavoured to discover from whence it came, and walking towards the Place, by the feeble Light of the Moon, which was very much overclouded, I discovered a Building that seemed to be a Chapel fallen to Ruin, and was become a Habitation for Schriech-Owls, and other Birds: I advanced to examine it more narrowly, and the nearer I approached, the plainer I heard the Noise from within: Sometimes

times the whole Building rang with the Cries of ominous Birds; at others, I distinguished some Groans and Lamentations like those of a Woman, who, through Excess of ill Fortune, was shut up in this horrid Place against her Will.

The Desire I had to know what it was, made me go into this ruinous Place, tho' not without some Fear, (for the most intrepid Man in the World would have been the same,) but with Resolution sufficient to satisfy my Curiosity.

I walked, with my Sword in Hand, among the Ruins of the Chapel, and came to a sort of Tomb, from whence issued a Voice, which utter'd these Words with Sighs and Sobs: *Unhappy Woman, Why are you condemn'd to endure so cruel a Torment?*

I was prodigiously terrified at these Words, and disorder'd in my Senses, thinking it was a Soul in Torment; but notwithstanding my Fear and Concern, I endeavour'd to answer the Voice, though in such a manner, as plainly discover'd the Disorder of my Senses. Immortal Spirit, said I, who art disengaged from the Bonds of Flesh, and dost expiate, in this Monument, the Faults thou hast committed while cloathed in Matter; tell me if I can be of any Service to thee, and I am ready

to obey thy Orders. Ah ! Traitor, answered the Voice, you are not content with having shut me up in a Tomb, but you must add Raillery to your Cruelty ; one would think you might be satisfied with the slow and inhuman Death that waits for me in this horrid Sepulchre.

At this Answer, by which I found my Business was with a living Person, my Reason began to recover itself, and my Fears vanished ; upon which I said to the distressed Person ; Whoever you are, know that I am not the Author of your Misfortune ; you are speaking to a Traveller, who has lost his Way, and intended to have past the Night on the Grass near this Place : Hearing a Noise, I came into this ruinous Place, to know the Meaning of it. The first Words I heard disordered me so much, that I thought you a Ghost, for which Reason I endeavoured to exorcise you, but your Answer has undeceived me. I shall comfort myself in the Loss of my Way, if I can be of any Service to you : Let us lose no Time ; come out of the frightful Place you are in, and follow me ; I have a Horse at the Door of the Chapel, and will conduct you where you think proper.

Sir, replied the Lady, I can't get out of this Tomb without your Assistance,
being

being fastened with Cords, and have nothing free, but my Tongue, which I shall employ the Remainder of my Life, to thank Heaven for bringing you this Way. I immediately approached the Tomb, where I found a Woman, with her Hands and Feet tied; but what shocked me most, was her Body being bound fast to that of a dead Man: This frightful Union filled me with Terror, and I retreated. Generous Stranger, (said the Lady to me,) separate the Living from the Dead; loosen me quickly from the Carcass to which I am tied, and destroy the Work of a jealous Husband.

I judged, by these last Words, that the deplorable Condition to which this unhappy Woman was reduced, might be some new-fashioned *Italian* way of punishing an immodest Wife; and as a Man of Gallantry never makes any Difficulty to assist a Person in Distress, I went to the Lady, and making use of my Sword to cut the Cords, disengaged her from the dead Carcass, with which she was incommoded, then took her out of the Tomb and the Ruins, and conducted her to the Place where my Horse was grazing. As the Day appeared soon after, I mounted her behind me, and following a Path, without knowing where it led, in a little Time we

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arrived at *Betola*. I know where I am now, (said the Lady, who had been silent hitherto,) the Place where I would go, is but two Miles from this Village: Sir, added she, pointing with her Finger to a by-Road, let us go that Way, if you please, and in less than an Hour, we shall come to a Farm where you will be kindly received by some Persons, who will gratefully acknowledge the Service you have done me; for you are going to deliver me into my Father and Mother's Hands. Oh *Anselmo*! Oh *Dorothea*! continued she weeping, unhappy Authors of my Birth, what a Concern will you be in when you hear how cruelly and unjustly your Daughter has been used. This Exclamation was followed with so many Sighs and Tears, that I could not forbear pitying the Lady; though I very much doubted, whether by delivering her, I had saved a Victim from Death, that was entirely innocent.

At the Door of the House we met with an old Man and Woman, who were *Anselmo* and *Dorothea*. As soon as they knew their Daughter, they seemed to be greatly surprized. Heavens! cried the Father, it is *Lucretia*! Where is your Husband? What is the Meaning he is not with you? *Lucretia* made no Answer, but burst into Tears, and cried excessively.

I plain-

I plainly perceive, said the Mother, that *Aurelio*, my Son in Law, has been guilty of some extravagant Action. The young Lady redoubled her Sobs at these Words, which renewed her Grief, so that *Anselmo* and *Dorothea*, finding they could receive no Information from her, addressed themselves to me, begging I would acquaint them with the Occasion of her Grief, if I knew it. I informed them in what Condition, and in what Place I had found their Daughter; but was ignorant of the Reason why her Husband had used her so cruelly. While I was giving this Account, *Lucretia*, came a little to herself, and receiving the Use of her Voice, gave us the following History, or perhaps a Romance, in her Justification.

Aurelio my Husband, said she, is the most jealous Man in *Italy*, and the most capable in those Fits, to carry Things to the greatest Extremities. He has suspected me, upon what Grounds I know not, of paying a criminal Regard to the Youth and Beauty of one of his Domesticks. In this Persuasion, having first stabbed the Wretch who deserved this Punishment, as he thought, he tied us together with Cords, and by the Assistance of one of his Servants, who was devoted to him, he carried us, in this Condition, to

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the Place where this worthy Gentleman found me.

Anselmo and *Dorothea*, who had too much Reason before to regret having abandoned their Daughter to *Aurelio*, whose Character they knew, were pierced with the strongest Grief at this Narrative: They mixed their Tears with those *Lucretia* shed afresh, who thoroughly persuaded them of her Innocence, saying; You may imagine, that if I had any thing to reproach myself of, I should not have the Presumption to appear before you; and so far from daring to throw myself into your Arms, that I should avoid your House, and go to the farthest Part of the World, in order to hide the Shame of having disgraced my Family.

Her Father and Mother believed her on her own Word, were angry with themselves for having married her so ill, and received her with all the Affection she could desire; after which, they returned me a thousand Thanks for saving their Daughter from an inevitable Death, and invited me to stay some Time at their House, but I staid only one Day; then enquiring the Way to *Parma*, I repaired to that City, which is so famous for the Residence of the Prince who is Sovereign of it.

I had

I had not been there three Days, before I met with an Adventure that I thought would have been my last. One Evening after Supper, I left my Inn, to take a Walk about the City, being very desirous to know whether the young Sparks of *Parma* were used to chaunt their Pains and Pleasures under their Mistresses Balconies. It was past Eleven o' Clock before I heard the Sound of a Guittar, but at Midnight there was a universal Sound of Instruments and Voices: I went forward towards a Square, where was a Concert of Musick, that seemed to be in the Spanish Taste, which made me judge it was a Gentleman of that Nation, who was serenading a Lady, with whom he was in Love. While I listened with Pleasure to this Concert, the Musick broke off on a sudden, which was succeeded by a Clashing of Swords, and a Moment afterwards I perceived a Man retreating in an Engagement with three others, who all pushed vigorously at him. I was so shocked at the Inequality of this Combat, that I drew my Sword in this Gentleman's Defence, who must have been over-powered, at last, by his Enemies, and seconded him so well, that we obliged them to retreat with some Wounds, which, perhaps, they would not have received, if I had not been present.

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The Gentleman I had assisted, expressing his Gratitude for this Service with innumerable Thanks; Sir, said I, in the Spanish Tongue, what I have done is undeserving such extraordinary Acknowledgments; Could I look on unconcerned, and see my Countryman's Life in Danger? For I believe you are a *Spaniard*. Sir, said he, you are not mistaken; I am of *Biscay*, and my Name is *Don Gregorio de Trevigno*: Pray, added he, in what Province was you born? Tell me your Name, that I may know to whom I am so much obliged. Excuse me from satisfying your Curiosity, replied I, lest you repent of being under this Obligation to me.

Heavens! cried the *Biscayner*, perhaps you are *Don Felix de Peralta*. Yes, said I, I am the Person who killed your Brother at *Pampelona*, the Person you came from *Italy* to seek after, and whom Chance has thrown in your Way at this Time: The Assistance I have given you is a Snare Fortune has laid to screen me from your Vengeance; but I will not escape from you: I would not have you regard a Piece of Service which I should have done to any other Person, as well as yourself; consider only the Affront you have received, and revenge the Death of a Brother.

Would

Would you do it, if you was in my Place, said he, interrupting me ; speak, and I will govern myself accordingly. You confound me, replied I : If you had killed my Brother, and had saved my Life afterwards, I believe Gratitude would hinder me from listning to my Resentment. Well then, replied he, would you have me act otherwise ? Do you think that I have less Delicacy than yourself in my way of proceeding ? No, *Don Felix*, I know what Honour requires of you on this Occasion ; but it is in vain to be uneasy on my Brother's Account, and I can no longer reckon you among the Number of my Enemies : You have made Reparation for the Injury done my Family yourself, since the same Sword which put an End to *Don Martin's* Life, has preserved mine ; and farther declare, I have a Friendship for you, and beg you will favour me with yours.

From that very Moment, this Gentleman and myself contracted the strictest Friendship together ; acquainting each other with the Places of our Abode, and did not part till we had mutually promised to meet the next Morning.

Accordingly, we both rose early the next Morning, and met as we were going to our different Lodgings. After the first

Com-

Compliments, he promised to introduce me to one of the Lords of the Court, with whom he was intimate, and at the same Time conducted me to the Count *de Guadagni's*, a Favourite of the Duke's, and first Lord of his Bed-Chamber, to whom he presented me, saying; This is Don *Felix de Peralta*, my mortal Enemy, whom I have pursued to fight, but at present, is one of my best Friends. By what Miracle, answered the Count, is this great Change brought about? Then Don *Gregorio* related our Adventure to him, owning that, without my Assistance, he should have lost his Life. The Count having heard this Detail with Attention, congratulated us on an Event that reconciled us together, and so luckily settled an Affair of Honour, which seldom ends without the Death of one of the Parties.

Guadagni found this Incident so singular, that he could not forbear speaking of it to the Duke his Master, who resolved to see and converse with me, out of Curiosity. I had the good Fortune to please this Prince, who, to keep me at his Court, made me Lieutenant of his Guards. His Favourite, on the other Side, took an Affection to me; so that I flattered myself, to make a considerable Figure in the World, one Time or other.

I gave

I gave my Father an infinite Pleasure by acquainting him, that I was reconciled to Don *Gregorio*, and in so fine a Situation at the Court of *Parma*, who assured me in his Answer, that my Letter had given him a sensible Pleasure.

I used my utmost Endeavour to make myself agreeable to the Duke, and so far advanced in the good Graces of this Prince, that in less than two Years I succeeded Count *Guadagni*, who left his Place vacant by his Death. You may imagine, it is not without Regret, that a Stranger is suffered to enjoy a Post of this Importance. All the Lords of the Court, who thought they deserved it, envied my Promotion, and leagued together to ruin me in the Opinion of their Master; they made use of all the Stratagems and Artifices of which Courtiers are capable, but in vain, for the more they set their Engines to work to undermine me, the stronger they fixed me in my Station; it not being an easy Task to rob me of the Confidence of a Prince, with whose Virtues and Vices I was so well acquainted. *Guadagni*, by this Art, had always preserved his Credit, and I had Reason to hope, that I should not be less dextrous than himself; I really found out the Secret of making myself so necessary to the Duke, that he saw with

no other Eyes but mine. Never had a Favourite greater Influence over his Master, for I was called the Coadjutor of the States of *Parma*.

All the Courtiers yielded to my happy Fortune, and my Power was only disputed by a Lady, for whom the Duke had an extravagant Passion. This dangerous Person was the Marchioness *Origo*, Lady to his chief Master of the Horse: Though she was not in the Bloom of her Youth, she was esteemed the greatest Beauty at Court, as well as the most artful. As soon as she found she had secured the Prince, she formed a Design to remove me from him, that she might have him to herself: I, on my Side, endeavoured to do the same, as is usually the Practice between the Mistresses and Court Favourites of great Persons. In order to succeed on both sides, we began to do each other mutual ill Offices: When I was with the Duke, I took all Opportunities to speak ill of the Marchioness, and when she was with him, she took still greater Liberties with me.

This Prince, who had no other Fault than that of being too good, sometimes hearkened to the Marchioness, and sometimes believed what I said, being like a Ship tossed about by two different Winds, that yields by Turns to both.

This

This formidable Enemy of mine had no Aversion to the Pleasures of this World, and was thought to be as inconstant to the Duke her Lover, as to the Marquis her Spouse. I raised my Batteries on that Side, and had a watchful Eye upon her, by means of some Spies, whom I paid very well, and who served me accordingly: They informed me, that this Lady had lately taken a Fancy to *Octavio* the Comedian, the chief Actor of the Duke's Company, and not only received him almost every Day at her Toilette, but sometimes gave herself the Trouble to go to his Lodgings in a Hackney Coach in a Morning, disguised like an ordinary Woman: In short, that I had no room to doubt but they had an Intrigue together.

This Account gave me sensible Pleasure; but I was resolved to be certain of the Truth of it, before I endeavoured to reap the Benefit from it I expected. With this View I sent for *Octavio*, and invited him to Supper with me alone, telling him, that I had an Affair of great Consequence to communicate to him: *Octavio*, said I, towards the End of our Supper, I have a very bad Piece of News to tell you: The Duke knows of your Intrigue with the Marchioness *Origo*,
and

and that you often have a private Interview with her.

The Comedian turned pale at this Discourse, was very much disturbed; and as good an Actor as he was, it discomposed him: However, I seemed not to take Notice of his Confusion, but proceeded in this Manner. You know I am your Friend, and have given you frequent Proofs of it; and will shew you, that I am so upon this Occasion, by giving you good Advice: I will tell you what Method I would take, was I in your Place; I would go and throw myself at the Duke's Feet, and confess the whole: You know his Goodness, a frank and sincere Confession will calm his Resentment; I am sure he will pardon your not having been able to resist the Advances of so beautiful a Lady, and will undertake to present you to his Highness, and even to interceed in your Behalf.

Octavio was too cunning not to suspect this piece of Advice from a Person whom he knew to be the Marchioness's mortal Enemy; and judging that I advised him to take so delicate a Step, with no other View than to prove what I only suspected before, he thought it best to deny that he had ever been so rash as to aspire at the Marchioness: Nothing, however, was more certain,

certain, and I was throughly convinced of it two Days after.

One of my Spies came to acquaint me at my Levee, that the Marchioness Origo was just gone to *Octavio's* House in a Hackney Coach, in her usual Disguise, and that if I pleased I might see her come out. I dressed myself in a Hurry, and followed the Spy, with whom I hid myself, at a little Distance from the Comedian's House: We soon discovered the Lady, whom I knew by her Gait, notwithstanding her Disguise; and to be still more sure of my Point, went and lifted up the Veil that covered her Face; she was so surprized at the Sight of me, that she cried out, and I excused myself, pretending I took her for another Person, but she walked away, without speaking one Word, got into the Coach again, and disappeared in a Moment.

I ran to the Palace with an Air of Triumph, to acquaint the Duke with what I had seen, being overjoyed that it was in my Power to assure him, that she had been at *Octavio's* House; but the Duke, unluckily, was just gone out, and did not return till two Hours afterwards. Upon his Arrival, he observed some Emotion in my Countenance, and said; What is the Matter? You seem to be disordered: Sir,

answered I, I have too great a Regard for your Highness not to take Notice of the vile Treason committed against you. Speak more distinctly, replied he, Who is it that betrays me? And what Treason is this? The Marchioness, said I, is a false Wretch, whom your Highness ought to abandon. The ungrateful Creature, forgetting what she owes to your Love, that does her so much Honour—— *Peralta*, said the Prince, interrupting me, and looking at me in an angry manner, take care what you say, for I find your Aversion for the Marchioness misinterprets all her Actions, and you condemn her upon the least Suspicion: What new Crime has she committed to deserve the Title you give her of Ungrateful and False. I could give her one more odious, said I, for she has been this very Morning at *Osavio's* the Comedian, in a Hackney Coach, dressed like an ordinary Woman: I saw her come out of this Actor's House, where her Love for him leads her very often.

What a Calumny is this? cried the Duke; Can any Body think the Marchioness can have such base Notions? Luckily for her, I know her Innocence, and the Falseness of your Accusation. I am just this Moment come from that Lady, who is ill, and has been blooded this

M

Morn-

Morning; she has had three Porringers of Blood taken from her, which are now upon the Table in her Apartment. What would you say, if I was to shew them to you? I should say, answered I, that it is not her Blood, and only an Artifice to invalidate my Accusation. The Duke thought me very obstinate, and notwithstanding all I could say against the Person accused, he threw the Fault upon the Accuser.

In order to clear up the Affair relating to the Porringers of Blood, I ordered my Spies to find out the Marchioness's Surgeon, and bring him to me, which was presently done; Friend, says I, to intimidate him, the Duke commands you, upon Pain of perpetual Imprisonment, to tell me, whether you have blooded the Marchioness *Origo* this Morning. The Surgeon turned pale at these Words, and looking very much affrighted, said; There is no Occasion for Threats to make me obey my Sovereign's Orders, and in answer to your Question, must tell you, that I was sent for from the Marchioness *Origo's* this Morning, to bleed one of her Women, where I went, and took three Porringers of Blood from her, and then came away. Was it not the Marchioness that you bled, said I? No truly, replied

plied he, I have not so much as seen the Lady.

Upon this Surgeon's Report, I assured the Duke, that the three Porringers of Blood had not been drawn out of his Mistress's Veins, who pretended to have been blooded, and out of order, only to make it thought impossible for her to have been at *Ostasio's* House in that Condition. The Prince, who was blinded by his Passion, would not believe she could be capable of such an Action: Certainly, cried he, the Marchioness must be a sad Creature to have Recourse to this Artifice; I will examine into it immediately, and look upon her Arm; if I don't find the Prick of a Lancet, I will believe every thing you have said, and break for ever with her: But, *Peralta*, added he, with an angry Look, if I really find one, depend on it, I will revenge the Wrong you have done the Lady by your rash Judgment. I submitted to any Punishment, if she had her Arm prick'd lately; being so thoroughly perswaded, that she had contented herself with telling the Duke, that she had been blooded.

In the Evening he went to her House, under Pretence of informing himself concerning the State of her Health. I know not what Conversation they had together,

nor what passed between them; but when I appeared before him the next Day, he gave me a very cold Reception. *Peralta*, said he, the Marchioness has been blood-ed; it is actually true, I took the Bandage off her Arm, and saw the Mark of the Lancet: I desire that you will trouble my Repose no more with your rash Accusations, and had rather be deceived by my Mistress, than to owe her Fidelity to the Care of watching her Actions.

By this Discourse, which made me mute and confused, I imagined that the Surgeon I had spoke to, had been insincere, or that the Marchioness had a Vein opened by some other Person. The Duke interpreted my Silence very ill, and looking upon me as a false Informer, who was quite confounded, he turned his Back upon me, and ordered the Captain of his Guards to acquaint me that I must appear no more at Court. I own, at first, I felt my Disgrace very severely, and was grieved to the Soul to be outwitted by a Woman, whom I thought to have ruined; but I called all my Philosophy to my Assistance, which made me consider the Post I lately enjoyed in a very different Light: Heaven itself interposed, by inspiring me with Sentiments, that weaned me by little
and

and little from the World, so I left the Court of *Parma*, and went to *Genoa*, where I soon found an Opportunity of returning to *Spain*, and embarked on board a Ship bound for *Alicant*; to which Place being safely arrived, I bought a Horse, and took the Road to *Pampelona*. I passed, as you did, one Evening, near this Hermitage, and asked for a Lodging, not knowing the Country: The Door was opened, and I was received by a Hermit of Four-score Years of Age, who still walked without a Stick, and enjoyed a perfect State of Health. He treated me in the same Manner I do yourself, and by his Conversation, absolutely determined me to quit the World.

To finish my Discourse in two Words, I begged Leave of the old Man to live with him in this Solitude, to which he consented. I remained there, and from that very Moment being resolved to think of nothing but my Salvation, buried myself in this Hermitage: I did not so much as go to *Pampelona*: The Pleasure of seeing my Father and Sister was the first Sacrifice I made to God. I have lived twenty Years in this Place with the good Hermit, and he has been dead ten.

Here the Anchorite finished his Story. I thanked him for his Civility, and told

him with a Smile, that I was almost tempted to follow his Example.

You are too young at present, answered he, to embrace a Way of Life that becomes a Man who has abandoned the Pleasures of the World, which we ought to know well before we quit it, and it is for want of this Knowledge that Monasteries are so full of wicked Monks.

CHAP. IX.

Estevanille takes his leave of the Hermit, and proceeds to Saragossa, from whence he returns to Rodenas with good News for Don Christoval. The Consequences of it.

I Rose the next Morning by Break of Day, and taking leave of my Landlord, after returning him Thanks for the kind Reception he had given me, mounted my Horse, and set out for *Saragossa*, where I arrived before Noon.

I found the Governour and his Daughter in company with the Bishop of *Salamanca*, who no sooner saw me, but they all began to ask me Questions together.

How

How does my Son in Law do? Give me an Account of my Nephew? How have you left my Husband? My Lords and Madam, replied I, my Master is in very good Health; and as to the Bishop of *Albarazin's* Behaviour to him, these Letters will give you an ample Account of it. Upon this I took my Papers out of my Pocket, and gave each of them their Dispatch.

I imagined they would have been satisfied with the long Detail *Don Christoval* gave them of the Respect and Regard paid him at *Rodenas*; but I was mistaken, for they began to ask me more Questions, and obliged me to give them an account of the most minute Circumstances of our Journey, and even to give them an exact Description of the Bishop of *Albarazin's* Castle. This was not all; for after Dinner *Donna Anna* being desirous to have a particular Conversation with me, sent for me; Well, *Gonzales*, said she, if you have given us a faithful Account, which I don't in the least doubt, your Master must be highly pleased to be in so charming a Place, where People think of nothing but diverting him; and I am persuaded that with the Help of the Diversions he meets with at *Rodenas*, it will be an easy matter for him to support my Absence.

Ah! Madam, replied I, have a better Opinion of the Power of your Charms, and do more justice to a Spouse who adores you. Do not imagine any Amusement can be capable of making him forget a Lady of your Beauty; for he thinks of nothing but his dear *Donna Anna*, and you are always in his Mind. When I came away, *Estevanille*, said he, I envy you the Happiness of going to see *Donna Anna*, from whom Heaven in its Wrath thinks proper to separate me.

The Lady smiled at this Discourse, and assuming a soft Air, *Gonzalez*, said she, don't you deceive me; Does *Don Ckristoval* really think the Days long that we have been absent from each other?

The Days, Madam, cried I, rather say the Moments. He will sink under the Weight of your Absence, if God does not give him the Power to endure it.

I confess I gild the Pill a little; for though my Master loved his Spouse to excess, he was in no Danger of dying with Grief at her absence.

Don Ckristoval, replied the Lady, will shortly be at *Saragossa*, at least I flatter myself he will. My Father has already had two Conferences with the chief Relations of *Don Melchior de Rida*, who all agree, that this Gentleman justly brought
that

that Accident upon himself, and seem disposed to accomodate the Affair; and in effect the Count de *Villamediana* and the Bishop of *Salamanca* managed Matters so well, that they soon brought it to a Conclusion, and sent me back to carry this good News to *Rodenas*. *Don Christoval* was too much overjoyed at it, to be able to stay any longer at this Castle, therefore he took leave of the Bishop, acknowledging the Obligations he owed him, and returned to *Saragossa*, where he met with a Spouse, whom he loved as much as he was beloved by her.

His Return gave every thing a new Life at the Governour's House; fresh Entertainments were made, and the young married Couple had Leisure enough to enjoy the Sweets of a Conjugal Love.

After these Rejoicings, which lasted two Months, the Bishop of *Salamanca* returned to his Diocese with his Niece and Nephew. We crossed old *Castile* by easy Journies, and stopped at the Castle of *Rodiliana*, which is upon the Borders of the Province of *Leon*, and belonged to our Prelate. Here we staid three Weeks, during which Time we were visited by all the Nobility in the Neighbourhood.

As my Lord Bishop was known to love abundance of Company at his Table, the meanest Hidalgos came every day to dine at the Castle with Feathers upon their Hats, and long Swords by their Sides, presenting themselves with a great deal of Haughtiness before his Lordship, who received them with a Politeness that flattered their Vanity excessively.

At length we returned to *Salamanca*, where we were all lodged in the Episcopal Palace.

F I N I S.

25 AP 65

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